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All that lobster and sleep like a top

Although I say it myself I'm a fairly good cook, but I'm not a patch on the two chefs you see with me here. But at least in my favour they're two of the best ever. Where do they cook? In the galleys of Oronsay, the P & O—Orient liner which took John, me and Sarah (she's our eighteen year old) to Australia.

We were going to Sydney, by sea this time, on one of John's routine business trips. Business maybe, but also a heavenly, romantic adventure that made different people of us both.

But, where was I? Oh yes, with the lobster! That was only one of the delights of the voyage, delicious exciting varied food and—no chores. Heavens, what appetites we worked up and heavens, how my figure would have suffered if it hadn't been for the swimming, the deck games, the dances and the sight-seeing. John, who has a bit of a tummy and can't look a lobster in the face ashore, ate like a Trojan and slept like a top. Caviare, foie-gras, duck—the lot. It was, I suppose, because for the first time in years, he was really relaxed.

What a wonderful way to show Sarah something of the world! A real life Cinerama show half across the globe, Gib., Naples, Port Said, the Suez Canal and then on to Aden, Colombo, and so to Australia (and we'd have loved to go on to San Francisco, too). A wonderful lazy time, lapped in comfort and luxury, waited on hand and foot. A heavenly four weeks when the world stood still for twelve thousand miles. No wonder we have a very special place in our hearts for that lovely ship, the golden ship, Oronsay of the

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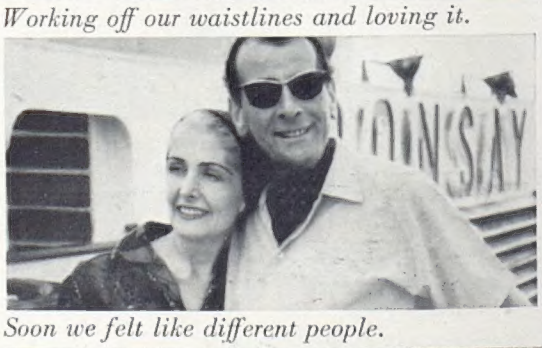

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Volume CCXLII No. 3147

THE SPHERE

LONDON, September 24, 1960

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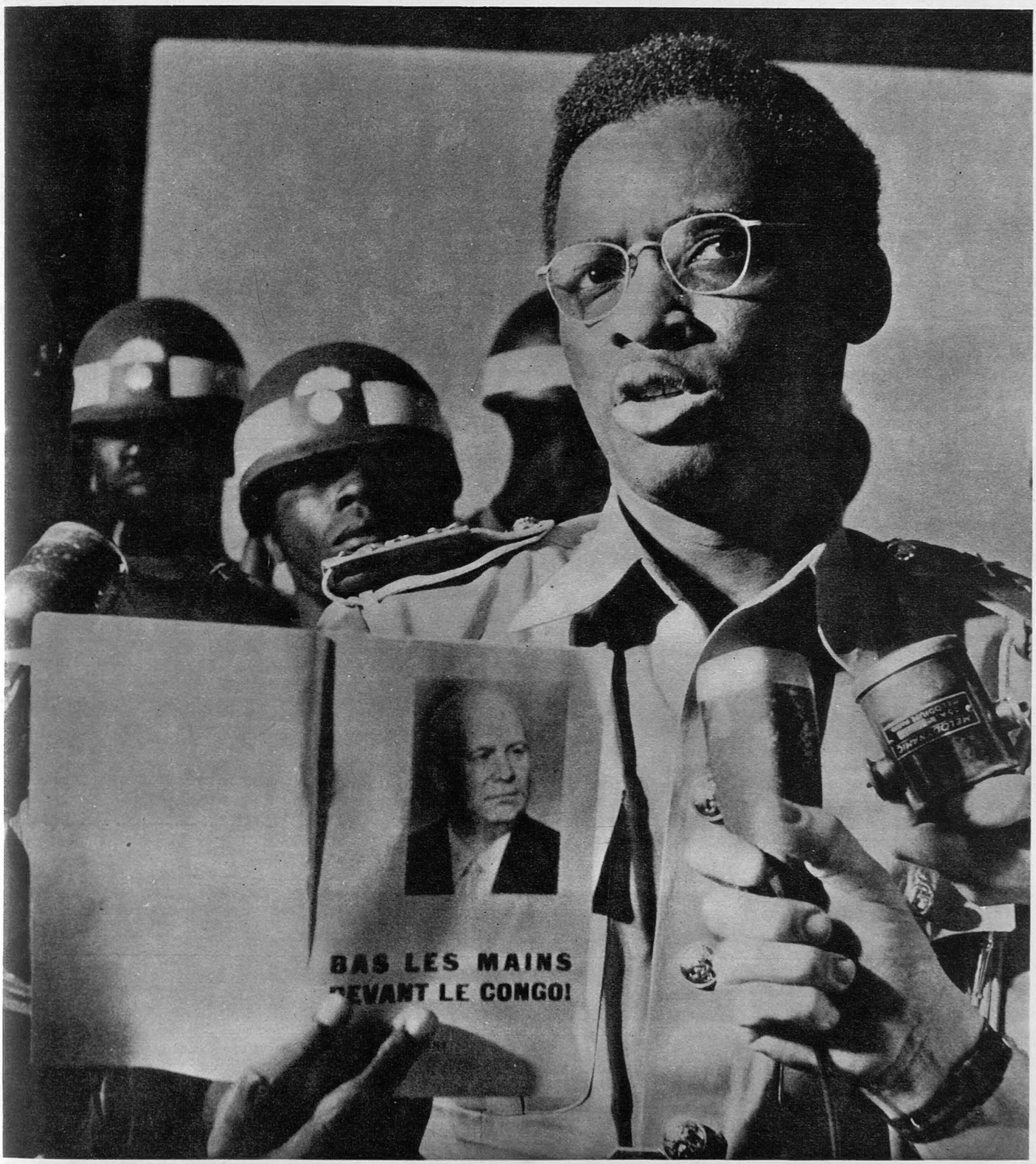


FACES IN THE CONGO

At a Press conference in Leopoldville, Colonel Joseph Mobutu attacks Communist intervention and holds up a pamphlet, with a picture of Mr. Khrushchev on the cover, which had been distributed in Congo. The Colonel, who is aged thirty-one, was making one of his first public appearances after announcing that, as Head of the Army, he was taking control of the country until December 31. His emergence in the struggle for power added to the confusion in the Congo scene. His relations with President Kasavubu and Mr. Ileo were not at all clear. Mr. Lumumba, reappearing in Leopoldville after two days in hiding, proclaimed that Mobutu was on his side. This was denied by the Colonel. Meanwhile the Army's Head had ordered the staffs of the Soviet and Czech embassies to leave the country. Rather surprisingly they obeyed him. In New York the special session of the U.N. Assembly to debate Congo continued on Monday. This had been summoned on the eve of the Annual Assembly to overcome Russia's Security Council veto on the United Nations proposal for Congo. (Further pictures from Congo on pages 452-453)

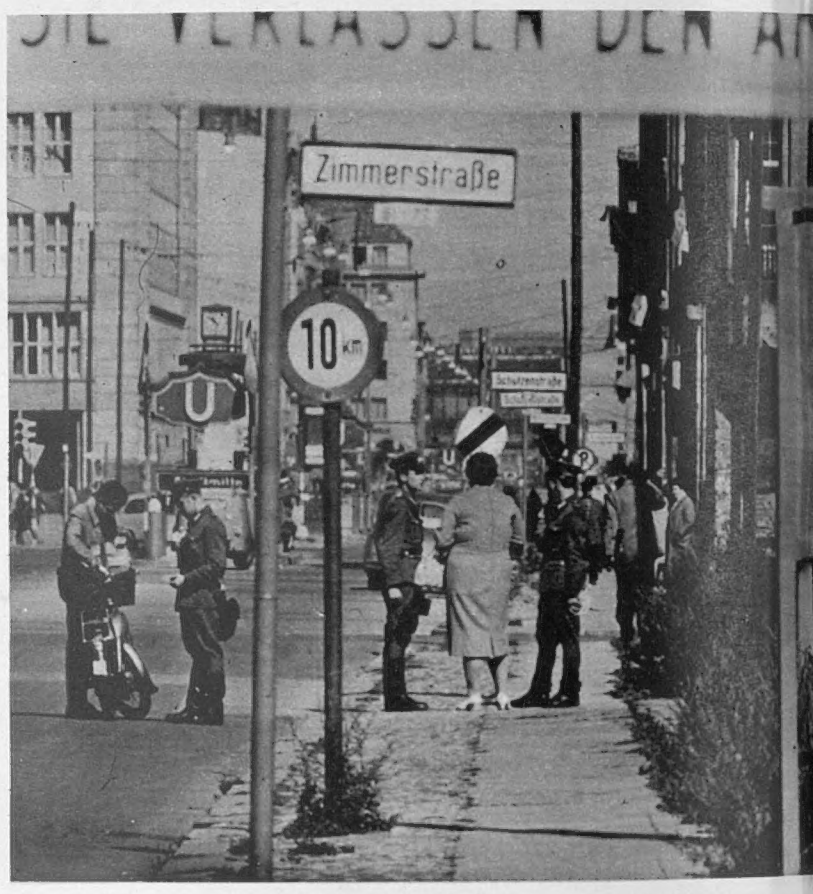
Postage: Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

In the East German Parliament, Herr Ulbricht (wearing spectacles), the Secretary-General of the East German Socialist Unity (Communist) Party, takes the oath of office on assuming the chairmanship of the newly-created Council of State. The reorganisation of the constitution last week followed the death of President Pieck earlier this month. The Council of twenty-three members exercises the functions formerly discharged by the President, but the chairman has far wider powers than those previously given to the Head of State. With this control of the Government and his leadership of the Communist Party, Herr Ulbricht became virtual dictator. Regarded as "more Communist than the Kremlin" he has for long been most faithful to Moscow. His increased power is taken to mean a decline in the influence of Herr Grotewohl, the East German Prime Minister

HERR WALTER ULBRICHT BECOMES VIRTUAL DICTATOR OF EAST GERMANY

President Tito smiles and gesticulates on his arrival in his special bullet-proof train in Paris. On left is M. Chancel, the French Chief of Protocol, who welcomed him on behalf of the French Government. After a short stay in the French capital, the President travelled on to Cherbourg, where he embarked in the *Queen Elizabeth* for New York to attend the U.N. General Assembly. As a leading "neutralist" his views are frequently attacked by both Russia and China as heretical

RED "HERETIC" IN PARIS



Far right: East Berlin police check people passing from the American to the Communist sector. Restriction on movement from the West into the East sectors had been imposed by the East German authorities for the second time this month

TRAFFIC RESTRICTIONS IN EAST BERLIN

GHANA AND CHINA

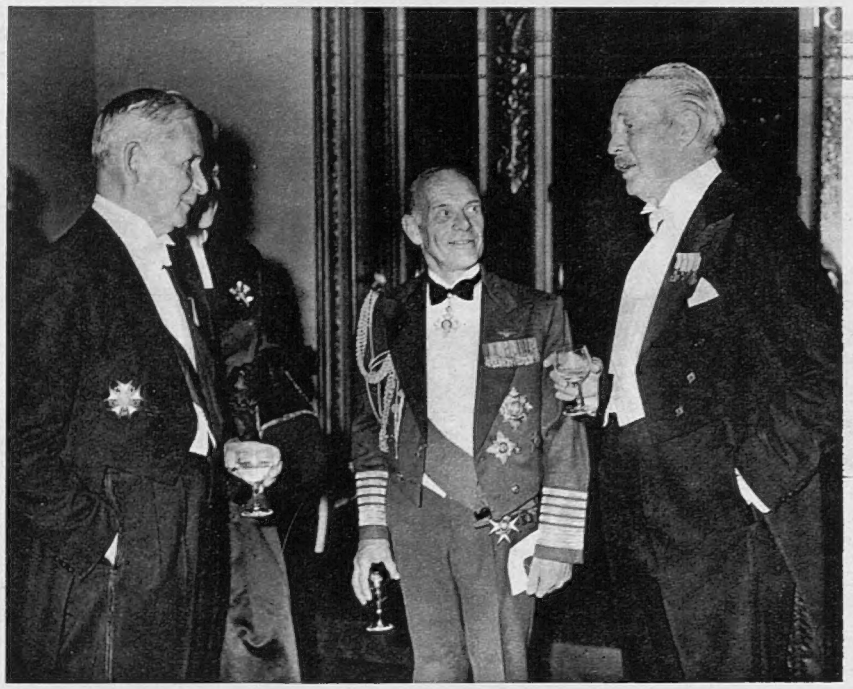
Below:
President Nkrumah talks in Accra with Mr. Huang Hua, the Ambassador of the People's Republic of China. The latter had just presented his letters of credence to the President

ANGLO-RUSSIAN TRADE

At a luncheon given in London by the Federation of British Industries for Mr. V. A. Kamensky, head of a Russian trade delegation, are (from left): Sir William McFadzean (President of the F.B.I.); Sir Norman Kipping (Director-General); Mr. Kamensky; Mr. P. F. D. Tennant (Overseas Director), and Sir Hugh Beaver (Past-President)

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

The reception at Lancaster House, in London, last week, to mark the twentieth anniversary of the Battle of Britain was given by the Air Council, and the guests were received by the Hon. George Ward (Secretary of State for Air), Air Chief Marshal Sir Thomas Pike (Chief of the Air Staff) and Lady Pike. The Prime Minister was present and the guests included Ambassadors and High Commissioners as well as pilots and others closely concerned in the battle in 1940. "Battle of Britain" Week was held throughout the country last week, when the biggest attractions were the "At Home" days at twenty-five R.A.F. stations on Saturday



LORD AND LADY TEDDER, SIR WILLIAM DICKSON AND MR. MACMILLAN

LADY TEDDER AND W/O A. W. EADE

Prince Hassan of Jordan, the thirteen-year-old younger brother of King Hussein, arrives at London Airport from Amman. The young prince was returning to this country to start a new term at Harrow School. King Hussein was also educated at Harrow. Later he was a cadet at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. Earlier last week Princess Alia, the King's six-year-old daughter, and Princess Basma, aged nine, the sister of the King, also arrived in London by air, for a holiday visit here

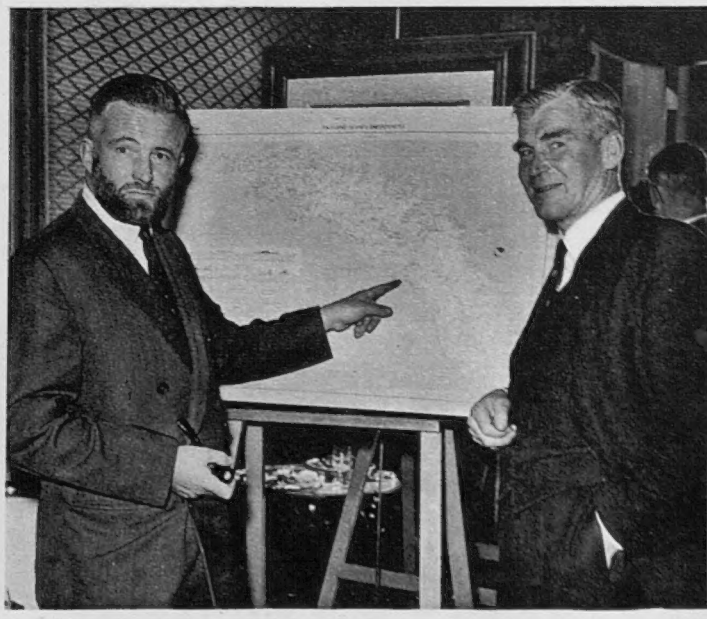
PRINCE HASSAN GOES BACK TO SCHOOL

Far right: Some of London's forty new Traffic Wardens were on parade last week at Peel House, Westminster, where they had been training with the Metropolitan Police for a fortnight. The Wardens were due to start their duties in the Mayfair parking meter area on Monday of this week. Their duties will be to prevent cars being parked except at a meter, and to advise motorists about parking areas. They also have authority to fix "tickets" to the windscreens of cars which are left in areas where parking is not allowed. The motorist has the option of paying the £2 fine, or contesting his case

THE FIRST OF LONDON'S TRAFFIC WARDENS

Sherpa Tensing Norkey pins the badge of the Himalayan Mountaineering Institute (at Darjeeling, India) on to Sir Edmund Hillary's lapel. Sir Edmund and Tensing are old friends since the expedition in 1953 on which they conquered Everest. Between them is the Managing Director of the Institute, Brigadier Gyan Singh, who led this year's Indian Army expedition to Everest. Sir Edmund has returned to the Himalayas to search for the Yeti. **Far right:** Two other famous explorers, Mr. Duncan Carse (left) and Sir Vivian Fuchs, were at a London Press conference last week. Mr. Carse was due to leave England on Tuesday for South Georgia, one of the Falkland Islands Dependencies, where he will spend 18 months alone. He will carry out research there

SIR EDMUND HILLARY IN DARJEELING



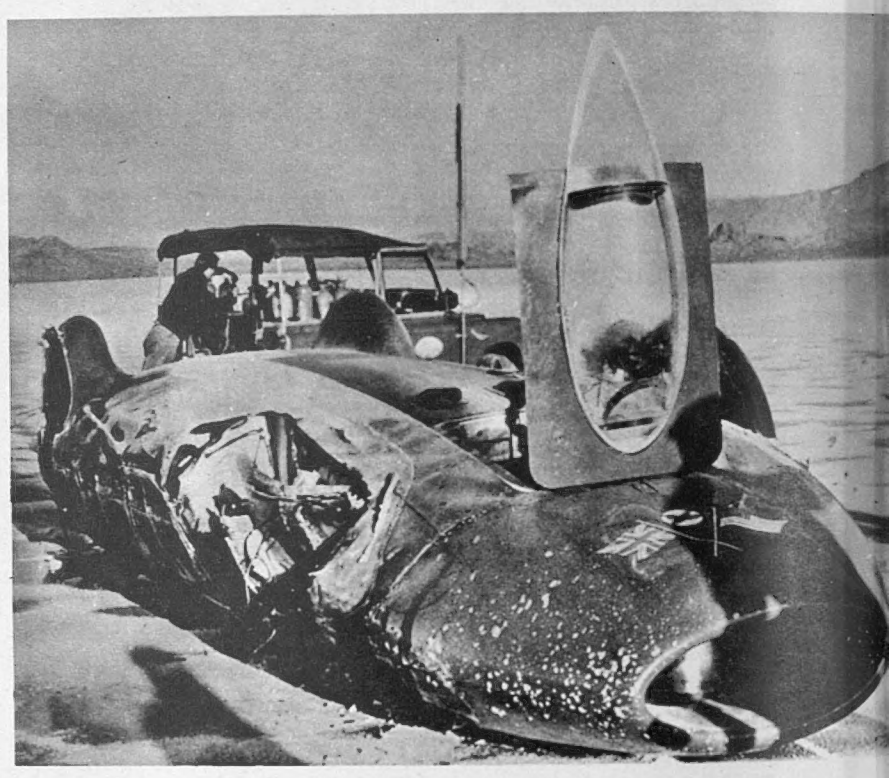
MR. DUNCAN CARSE AND SIR VIVIAN FUCHS

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

In the grounds of the Château Ciergnon, in the Ardennes, the King of the Belgians and his Spanish fiancée, daughter of the late Don Gonzalo de Mora y Fernández, Conde de Mora and Marques de Casa Riera, and of Doña Bianca d'Aragon, are with members of their families. From the left are the mother of Señorita Fabiola, King Baudouin, Princess Marie-Esmeralda, Señorita Fabiola, Princess Liliane de Rethy, Don Gonzalo de Mora y Aragon (elder brother of Señorita Fabiola), Princess Marie Christine and ex-King Leopold. The news of the engagement had been given on the previous day by the Belgian Prime Minister. The marriage is expected to take place later this year

THE ENGAGEMENT OF KING BAUDOUIN TO SENORITA FABIOLA DE MORA Y ARAGON

Donald Campbell, the 39-year-old world water-speed record holder, walks into hospital at Tooele Valley, Utah, after his sensational 300 m.p.h. crash on Bonneville Salt Flats. The injuries Mr. Campbell received last Friday were slight considering the speed at which he crashed; they consisted of a hair-line fracture of the skull near his right ear, and cuts and bruises. He had gone to Bonneville to try to break the land speed record in his car Bluebird, which cost over £1,000,000 to build. After the accident—caused by a strong cross-wind—it was found that Bluebird's cockpit was undamaged, the instrument glasses were not cracked, the engine was still running, and the tyres were intact. On Sunday, Mr. Peter Carr, director of the Bluebird project, said that both he and Mr. Campbell were satisfied with the design of the car, and that they intended to rebuild it unchanged. Bluebird was built by 69 major British companies



DONALD CAMPBELL AND BLUEBIRD AFTER THE ACCIDENT AT BONNEVILLE, U.S.A.

Lord and Lady Home prepare to board an airliner for New York at London airport. Before making his first appearance at the United Nations as Britain's Chief Delegate, the Foreign Secretary had a series of talks with Mr. Herter, the United States Secretary of State. It was understood they discussed the possibility of Mr. Macmillan attending the General Assembly

OFF TO THE UNITED NATIONS

In New York, Hurricane Donna, "the most destructive and vicious tropical storm" in U.S. records, left severe flooding in its wake. Donna started in the Caribbean on September 4, and progressed through the Bahamas, Florida, and up the east coast of the United States, before blowing itself out off the Gulf of St. Lawrence last week. At least 135 people were known to have been killed, thousands were left homeless, and the total damage to property was being reckoned in many millions of dollars

NEW YORK AFTER HURRICANE DONNA HAD PASSED

NEWS SUMMARY

Personalities and policies at the United Nations and in the Far East; an economic plan for Latin America; coal prices up in Britain; divisions in France

INTERNATIONAL

With the admission of new States, the membership of the United Nations General Assembly, opening its annual session in **New York** this week, is expected to number ninety-seven. Of this total, forty-two come from Afro-Asian countries. (Last year there were twenty-seven of them and when the U.N. was founded in 1945 ten.) In voting strength the West can probably count on about twenty supporters plus the bulk of the twenty Latin American States (with the definite exception of Cuba). Mr. Khrushchev has no more than ten certain votes. Hence the greatly-increased importance of the Afro-Asians, who for the first time in its history can dominate the Assembly.

It was expected President Eisenhower would make the first big speech and that he would be followed soon afterwards by Mr. Khrushchev. At the beginning of this week it was not yet known whether Mr. Macmillan would attend. Before leaving London for New York, Lord Home, the Foreign Secretary, said: " If any results appear likely to come out of the General Assembly, I think Mr. Macmillan will go. He will watch the position closely and see how things develop."

Besides Mr. Khrushchev, leaders of all his European satellites are present. They are: General Mehmet Shehu, Prime Minister of Albania; Todor Zhikov, First Secretary of the Bulgarian Communist Party since 1954; Antonin Novotny, President of Czechoslovakia and Secretary-General of the Czech Communist Party; Janos Kadar, Secretary-General of the Hungarian Communists, who was responsible with Soviet armed assistance, for the suppression of the Hungarian freedom uprising in 1956; Wladyslaw Gomulka, Secretary-General of the Polish Communists, who came back to power in 1956 after five years of disgrace and imprisonment as a " deviationist " ; and Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, Secretary-General of the Rumanian Communist Party. East Germany is not a member of the United Nations.

In spite of the furore over the United Nations, another international congress was expected to attract some attention this week. This was the fourth annual conference of the International Atomic Energy Agency, meeting in **Vienna.** Mr. Molotov was due to make his first public reappearance at the world's council tables. The former Soviet Foreign Minister was brought back from disgrace and exile last month and appointed Russia's permanent representative on the Agency, which deals with the development of the peaceful uses of atomic energy.

ASIA

The struggle for power continued in Laos (area 90,000 square miles—about the size of Great Britain; population estimated at 2,000,000). Personalities and places involved were: (1) King Savang Vatthang, in the Royal capital of **Luang Prabang,** in the north of the country. (2) Prince Souvanna Phouma, the Prime Minister, in **Vientiane,** the administrative capital in central Laos. He recently formed a middle-of-the-road government aiming at negotiating with the Pathet Lao (Communist) rebels, led by his half-brother, Prince Souvannavong, and at maintaining a neutralist policy abroad. (3) Prince Boun Oum and General Nosavan, a former Defence Minister, heading an anti - Communist counter - revolutionary movement with headquarters at **Savannakhet,** in the south.

In **Bangkok** it was expected that the Government of Thailand would ask for an emergency meeting of the South-East Asia Treaty Organisation to discuss the Laotian crisis. Laos is not a member of SEATO, which consists of Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Pakistan, U.S.A., France, Philippines and Thailand.

They could intervene in the crisis if they agreed the organisation's safety was threatened by external Communist aggression. The U.S.A., having warned China and Communist North Vietnam against interfering in Laos, reinforced its naval forces in the South China Sea last week-end.

In **Pekin** China was thought to have strengthened its foothold in Africa by agreements which were reached with President Sekou Touré of Guinea during his stay in the Chinese capital. Besides signing a trade pact, China offered Guinea large interest-free loans for economic development and the services of several thousand " rice-farming " experts. (Earlier this month Moscow offered Guinea assistance in the building of a 400-mile railway.)

In **Delhi** it was learnt India would not sponsor China's admission to the U.N. at the forthcoming General Assembly. This reversal of a long-standing Indian policy was said to be due to the Sino-Indian frontier dispute and China's belligerent Communism.

In **Rawalpindi** the Indus Basin Waters Agreement was signed between India and Pakistan last Monday. (Details of this treaty, which ends a twelve-year-old controversy between India and Pakistan, were given in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " pages in last week's issue of *The Sphere.*)

LATIN AMERICA

Eighteen out of the twenty Latin American Republics approved the Act of Bogota in the Colombian capital last week. This meeting was a consequence of the Organisation of American Republics' conference in **San José,** Costa Rica, last month. The Act envisages the establishment of a fund backed by the United States to the tune of 500,000,000 dollars (about £180,000,000) for social development and the raising of the standard of living in Latin American countries.

The odd-men-out at Bogota were the Dominican Republic and Cuba. The former was not represented. This was understandable in view of the O.A.R.s' motion of censure at San José. Cuba alone opposed the Act.

Last week-end Cuban-U.S.A. relations were further deteriorating. In **Havana** the branches of three United States banks were reported to have been occupied by armed militiamen. This was presumed to be the first stage in a retaliatory measure against the lien, for non-payment of an alleged debt, obtained in a U.S.A. court by a U.S. firm against Cuban-controlled air lines. (This had caused transport problems for Dr. Castro on his journey to the United Nations Assembly.)

Another Cuban " tit-for-tat " action was the restriction placed on the movement of the U.S. Ambassador in Havana. Earlier the U.S. had included Dr. Castro with Mr. Khrushchev among those visitors " confined to barracks " on Manhattan during the U.N. Assembly.

Fears of Castro agents seeking to stir up trouble between the U.S.A. and Panama over the Panama Canal, which has been a source of tension since Suez, led to the U.S.A. making concessions in **Panama City.** A U.S. order decreed that the Panamanian flag should be ceremoniously displayed by the side of the Stars and Stripes in the Canal Zone. (The treaty leasing the zone to the U.S.A. entitles that country to " exercise all rights as if it were sovereign " on a ten-mile-wide strip.) Also, the Panama Canal Company announced that the facilities for U.S. and Panamanian employees would be " integrated." Hitherto they had used separate facilities such as cinemas, sports grounds and swimming-baths.

GREAT BRITAIN

From last Monday the prices of all types of coal rose throughout Britain by an over-all average increase of 6s. 8d. a ton. House coal went up by an average of 10s. a ton. The reasons for this action, according to the National Coal Board, were: a heavy fall in the annual coal consumption; last year's deficit of £24,000,000; and a further serious increase in costs. A spokesman for the National Union of Manufacturers declared that since the cost of coal underlies the whole structure of industrial prices, the increases, " from a national view-point, must be regarded as disastrous."

FRANCE

The news that the French Socialist Party has condemned President de Gaulle's policies means that he faces opposition from many political quarters. The Socialist Executive, under the former Premier M. Mollet, attacked the President last week for his attitude towards Nato and the United Nations and for his failure to negotiate peace in Algeria. Others who have openly opposed General de Gaulle are M. Vincent Auriol, the former President, M. Pinay, M. Pflimlin and other ex-Premiers, M. Soustelle, and General Salan.

Nigerians perform a traditional dance near Lagos during a rehearsal for Nigerian Independence Day. The Federation achieves its Sovereignty next Saturday (October 1). It is anticipated that shortly after this date Nigeria will be admitted to the United Nations

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

INDEPENDENCE FOR NIGERIA

A section, with an article by Sir John Macpherson, a former Governor-General. Photographs, maps and survey by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

Mr. Joseph Ileo gives a Press conference in Leopoldville. The nominee of President Kasavubu as Prime Minister, Mr. Ileo became President of the Congolese Senate after Independence Day. He left Mr. Lumumba's National Congolese Movement

CONGO

No-one could have envied Mr. Averell Harriman on his fact-finding mission to Congo. Last week all news needed to be most carefully dated and timed, because the situation was changing with such rapidity and confusion. Mr. Lumumba's fortunes were a case in point. He was arrested on Mr. Kasavubu's orders, and escaped with help from the Congolese Army. With the emergence of a new figure, Colonel Joseph Mobutu, he found the army turning against him and had to take refuge with the Ghanaian forces whom he had previously accused of " imperialism." General Lundula, Mr. Lumumba's one-time army commander, was reported to have been locked in a laundry room by a French chef. Meanwhile in New York the Security Council had to decide whether it was worthwhile hearing pleas from either of the rival Congolese delegations.

Mr. Lumumba in fighting mood

Below:
President Kasavubu is interviewed in Leopoldville by Mr. Averell Harriman. The former Governor of New York was visiting Congo on a fact-finding mission. In Leopoldville Mr. Harriman also had a meeting with Mr. Lumumba

The delegation sent by President Kasavubu to the Security Council in New York. Mr. Justin Bomboko, Congolese Foreign Minister, is third from the left

Below:
Mr. Kanza (left), representing Mr. Lumumba at the U.N., chats in New York with M. Lumbala, Secretary of State in the French Community

General Lundula, Commander of Mr. Lumumba's army, leans on a barrier outside the Leopoldville radio station. On the left are U.N. soldiers

Congolese troops gather to try and enter the radio station, guarded by U.N. troops

Swedish soldiers set up barricades after closing Elisabethville airport

JOHN CONNELL

THE REALITY OF CHAOS

For a long time I have mercifully been under no obligation to take part, unless I want to, in one of the oddest, most useless rituals of our time, the press conference. With the erratic frequency of starlings in search of a good outcrop of worms, foreign politicians and diplomats flock in and out of London Airport. I, happily, am not there to greet them, or to listen to their tired mouthing of platitudes and inanities. For auld lang syne, however, there is one group of press conferences which I do attend, with the affectionate fidelity with which, from time to time, one goes to chapel at one's old school. Here, for a year or so, I grew accustomed to seeing a tall, gangling young man, with prominent teeth, bright eyes, a deceptively innocent expression, and a habit of asking sensible, penetrative questions in a light, pleasingly hesitant voice. His name, I discovered, was Tom Stacey.

Journalism is, in some aspects, a curiously callous calling. I may or I may not have been conscious of this young man's absence from such press conferences as I have lately attended: I have now persuaded myself that I was. He has been a special representative of *The Sunday Times* in the Congolese Republic, whence a week or two ago he filed some despatches on Mr. Lumumba's *mission de pacification* in Kasai Province, which provided me (and, I hope, every other reader of *The Sunday Times*) with as vivid, as factual and as obviously and undeniably truthful

Burnt-out homes in Luluabourg after tribal fighting there

an account of this episode as I could possibly ask. I was reminded of my friend, George Steer's report of the bombing of Guernica, which got him the sack from *The Times* under the ineffable Geoffrey Dawson, but earned him honour which has long outlasted his untimely death as a serving officer in Burma in World War II. Mr. Stacey's despatch, like George Steer's more than twenty years ago, may not be history; but it is that unimpeachable first-hand evidence which historians treasure.

To official spokesmen, on the other hand, it could only and obviously be anathema. The Secretary-General of the United Nations does not, it must be presumed, use the word " genocide " lightly. Yet he reported to the Security Council that genocide had happened; and it was certainly genocide which Mr. Stacey witnessed. He had the fortune, though I doubt whether that is quite the word, to be given permission to accompany a unit of the Congolese Army on one of its operational sorties from Bakwanga, the capital of Kasai, while the *mission de pacification* was at its height. It was the second of two attacks on the Catholic mission centre, St. Jean de Bakwa, at Nyanguila, two miles out of the capital. The troops engaged in the action were armed with rifles and bayonets, machine-guns and 2-in. mortars; the orphan children and their teachers, who were the sole occupants of the mission house, were not armed, so perhaps such defence as they put up was not as fierce or as successful as it might have been.

After the second attack Mr. Stacey counted some sixty dead in the outbuildings, class-room and temporary hospital. " School children," he said, " had wriggled under tables and benches for safety and were machine-gunned there." One man who lay in the compound, his rosary still clutched to his gaping chest, had been machine-gunned from three directions. What was the crime of which he and his fellow-victims were guilty? They were not even, in the phrase which Lord Altrincham used when he sought, in controversy with me, to explain earlier attacks on Belgians, " members of an alien minority," who had no need to be surprised if they reaped the " harvest of their own selfishness and folly." They were merely Baluba, fellow-tribesmen of Chief Albert Kalonji, who tried to establish an independent administration—independent, that is, of Mr. Lumumba's Government—in Kasai. They were being pacified.

It should be made clear (Mr. Stacey had no hesitation in making it quite clear) that this area, at this time, was supposedly under United Nations' supervision. The U.N. military detachment in Bakwanga consisted of 150 Tunisians and Moroccans, who carried the principle of non-intervention to remarkable lengths. Under their charge, for example, were large consignments of food—olive oil from Greece, dried fish from Angola, tinned fish from South Africa—intended for the starving survivors of the massacre: they refused to move these from the airfield, and they were swiped by the Congolese soldiers. The Moroccans refused to provide protection for Red Cross teams to go to the scenes of the attacks, and when Mr. Stacey trudged in from Nyanguila to recruit a burial party in Bakwanga—an Australian doctor, a sturdy Belgian, two clergy and two Africans—the U.N. Tunisian garrison declined to give them an escort. Back Mr. Stacey led his men, and they buried thirty-seven of the corpses in trenches which had been dug for the foundations of a new mission hospital. One of the Africans helping in this honourable task—not ordinarily on a diplomatic correspondent's schedule—discovered that Mr. Stacey was English.

He asked: " Did the English kill all these people? "

It is perhaps pardonable to suggest that the wind of change has blown somewhat off its anticipated bearing and with somewhat greater strength than those who invoked it were ready to accept.

This is the harsh reality of that easy phrase, " Chaos in the Congo." It is not just the preposterous farce of Mr. Lumumba and his opponents scurrying in and out of the radio station in Leopoldville, making abusive and hysterical broadcasts. It is not just the nonsense of rival Congolese delegations chasing each other across the world to U.N. Headquarters. It is not even merely administrative, economic and social collapse. It is a classroom full of schoolboys, murdered by machine-gun fire as they huddled under their desks, whose bodies—if an English reporter and an Australian doctor had not given them burial—would have been left to the jackals and the vultures.

During the period in which the crisis in Africa was brewing, I wrote more than one article in *The Sphere*, dealing with some of the dangers implicit in too hasty and too complete a transfer of power, and I pointed to the analogy of the end of the Raj in India, and the melancholy and murderous consequences of the haste with which it was accomplished. I was thereby involved in an exchange of letters with an earnest and well-meaning correspondent, somewhere in the Home Counties, who reproached me for dwelling on the dark side of the end of colonialism, and urged me to look forward to the opening of a new, gloriously challenging epoch in human history.

As I could see nothing glorious or challenging in the violent recrudescence, in India in 1946-47, of communal hatred at its vilest, so I can see nothing but horror and misery in a so-called " liberation " which sets free at once all the most ferocious impulses towards tribal strife.

I also believe that the United Nations intervention, well-meaning as it has been, is doomed to failure because of its practical inefficiency as well as because of the faulty emotional premises on which it was launched. Its only hope—and therefore the only hope for the Congo—is a ruthless reorganisation from top to bottom, combined with a clear restatement of its aims in the long term as much as in the short.

It is now unpleasantly clear that the various nations which sent military contingents to serve under General Van Horn did so with a marked diversity of aims. Guinea's intentions were as nearly those of the Soviet Union as made no matter; and the Soviet Union has desired, throughout, to make as much mischief as possible for the West and to extend its own foothold in Africa. Ghana and the U.A.R. (and it must not be forgotten that Lumumba was Dr. Nkrumah's protégé and disciple) were there in pursuance of their pan-African aspirations; the Swedes to demonstrate the infallible superiority of being neutral, and the Canadians—the reliable, efficient courageous Canadians, who still stubbornly believe in the U.N.—to do as worthwhile a job as they could. But this mêlée of purposes, good, bad and indifferent, could not prevent and it does not excuse the massacre of those schoolchildren to whom Tom Stacey gave decent burial. If we concentrate on them, and the wicked futility of their deaths, we may begin to see the frenzy of *uhuru* in its proper, if lurid, light.

Lights shine at twilight in the United Nations Secretariat building in New York. The railing in the foreground is part of the frontier limiting the international territory in which the building stands. This prominent feature of the Manhattan sky-line along the East River has three basements and thirty-eight floors. The offices of the Secretary-General are on the top floor. On the roof above is a garden. The building, which was opened in 1952, this week became the scene of what was expected to be one of the most spectacular world gatherings ever recorded owing to the presence of so many national leaders at the annual meeting of the U.N. General Assembly. The first business at the session was scheduled to be the election of the President and other officers. Then came such matters as the election of the steering committee to recommend the agenda for the session and the approval by the Assembly of new members. The main business, the General Discussion, will take up much of the session. In it each member-state can make a general statement of policy. Order of speaking is determined from a list opened some months ago. This gives members the choice of speaking early or late

INTERNATIONAL TERRITORY

One of the new locomotives which is being used on the line between Manchester and Crewe passes the Jodrell Bank radio-telescope. Last week the Minister of Transport, Mr. Ernest Marples, formally opened an electrified rail service. He sent off a train from Manchester Piccadilly station, which was previously called Manchester London Road. The work of electrification was started three years ago, as part of a project for a complete electric service to operate between Liverpool, Manchester and London. On the Manchester-Crewe journey two types of train will be used; multiple units for the slower, ordinary services, and electric engines coupled to conventional coaches for the express services

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2

"THIS FREEDOM." The Resident of Buganda, Mr. Stone, in a recent broadcast remarked that freedom was a word often heard to-day but little understood in Africa. What sort of freedom was it when people were not free to buy what they wanted or when M.P.s were prevented from attending Parliament or when voters risked the loss of their property if they dared to vote at elections? What indeed? He begged his Buganda audience not to talk of "going it alone," if Uganda did not at once achieve a federal structure. And he ended by expressing a hope that the people of Buganda would imitate the maturity and statesmanship displayed by Tanganyika. Mr. Stone was bang right. Freedom is a word too often heard all over Africa and indeed over the world, and almost everywhere it is neither understood nor properly used when won. And when one thinks of all those clamorous nations in Africa and elsewhere crying and rioting for their freedom and sovereignty, it is a sombre thought to remember how long it took mature, experienced and highly-civilised nations to appreciate the truth and cynicism of the now age-old epigram: "O freedom! What crimes are committed in thy name." Decades of Lawlessness must pass before these young nations knocking on the door learn what freedom is ideally and what it is not. Freedom (who shrieked when Kosciusko fell) has been shrieking non-stop and double pitch these last decades, and there seems little present prospect of her switching to a paean of joy. If it come to that, what sort of freedom is it in a highly-civilised country that prevents a man working and honouring his contract with his employer, when he wishes to do so?

AMURATH TO AMURATH. When I read that Lumumba was out and somebody else was in in the Congo, although Lumumba did not agree, I myself thought it was high time for a change. I felt we have heard too much of Lumumba and mumbo-jumbo and the rest these last months. No doubt the Congo business is very important indeed and its implications may extend beyond its borders and beyond Africa; but all the same it has puzzled me why these rival Congolese and other politicians have all along been accorded the dignity of Statesmen and treated in the Press, and even in world diplomacy, as if they were Metternichs, Talleyrands, Guizots, Gladstones or Disraelis. They may be as honest and sincere in their ways as those older political figures, and perhaps they are the modern equivalents raised by the wind of change in Africa; but they have not quite as grand a chessboard to play on and their gambits seem to be more primitive. It speaks highly for the elasticity of the Press and for the breadth of liberality in the statesmen of greater and older nations that they have accepted the principle that all nations are equal to-day and their leaders rank *pari passu*. This elasticity is less easy for septuagenarians. Lumumba has positively received—and for months, not weeks—all the *réclame* of an Olympic medallist.

HISTORY AS SHE IS WROTE. World War One seems to most of us a long time ago—ancient history to present-day schoolboys and vague memories to old men still living. But the history of that war of tragic blunders and ruthless, unnecessary slaughter and waste is only now—nearly half a century later—being tidily written with impartial pens and from an all-round viewpoint. Clio is a muse who refuses to be stampeded. In the first flush of great events, she may execute some clumsy steps and dance a *pas seul* or two. But she is a sober lady and very well knows that no verdict on events is possible until "the books are open and the judgment set." After World War One, the military and civil leaders saw the need to justify their own actions while the breath was still in them. What they wrote down was self-justification and one-sided special pleading, and contradicted the testimonies of their rivals, without affording to historians a chance to get at the truth by cancelling out contradictions. Few of the memoirs of the "frocks" or the brass-hats made pretty reading. The hideous intrigues at the top, political and military, could not be camouflaged as pure and patriotic and in the public interest; and, from Lloyd George to French and Haig, the attempts they put out to square their actions with the highest standards of duty, wisdom and disinterestedness left only the impression of frailty and more than a suspicion of disloyalty and self-interest. To-day there is a growing body of cool young military historians, with no personal axe to grind, who had not even the humblest part to play in the victories and defeats, who are acting as Clio's trusted and confidential secretaries, and the principals in the drama or tragedy of 1914-18 are falling into their fit stations. Tardy justice is being meted out to scapegoats, too.

EDUCATION—THEN AND NOW. It is still a great mystery to me how a child learns to read, and I was interested in the recollections by Professor Dent, of Sheffield University, of his schooling at the dawn of this century. He is ten years younger than I, but the methods of 1900 seem to have been much the same as those of 1890. He memorised in unison the letters of the alphabet one by one, and then in unison grouped them into "a cat sat on a mat," or some such simplicity. Arithmetic he acquired, as I did, by chanting in unison the multiplication table, and geography began (and for me ended) in memorising "Kent, Maidstone, on the Medway" (and so on). English history he learned in rhyming couplets:

"William the Conqueror long did reign,
William Rufus by an arrow was slain."

So indeed did I, but, very early in life, I wrote my own rhymed history of England, giving slightly fuller details of each reign. My more advanced historical education depended on my class-promotion. It began, I recall, at my public school with the era of the Reform Bill. Next half, on promotion, I was back to

Road widening is in progress on a stretch of the Ambleside-Keswick road in the Lake District. The work is being carried out by Cumberland County Council

ancient Britons. Professor Dent says that modern methods of education are immeasurably better, but, as reported, he was tantalisingly silent on what the new methods are. I am not prepared to pour scorn on the old methods, until I know something of the new. By some miracle I learned to read easily and early, and in some degree to write, and I still derive a great deal of historical accuracy from my own rhymed jingles. If I am even now very groggy about the positions of the countries of the world *vis-à-vis* their neighbours, I am still very sound on the county towns of England and their chief rivers. Primary education was certainly a miracle and a mystery in 1890. To-day, I am ready to believe, it is a matter of logical stages and, up to a point, a certainty. But I wish I knew more about how it is planned and brought to fruition. To judge by the spelling of girl-clerks employed by my Bank, there are still some holes in the net.

PLUSCARDEN PRIORY. While in Scotland I was taken to see Pluscarden Priory, a 700-year-old foundation, of which the main roof is now being rebuilt at its original elevation. When completed and coppered, the bulk of the buildings will be a noble and living presence in a lovely peaceful valley in Morayshire, still much as it was in the thirteenth century. Pluscarden—pronounced Pluscad*d*en with the accent on the first syllable—was founded at a stormy time in Scottish history when many such monasteries were being established, and it was served by a small body of monks brought over from the Carthusian Order of Val-des-Choux. It lies about six miles from Elgin, protected from the cold winds by a great wooded massif. The life of the community, if not continuous, provides a continuous link; the order changed when it was found that authority exercised from France was too remote. The Priory was then linked with the Benedictine Order at Urquhart. At various more modern times, the Priory buildings owed much to Lord Fife and to the 3rd Marquis of Bute, whose son, Lord Colum Stuart, at last succeeded in finding a religious order to resume its functions. And now, under the active encouragement of the Scottish Historic Buildings Commission, the Priory is being splendidly restored under expert hands. The monks, living at present in temporary buildings, conduct their duties and co-operate in the building work, having a skilled mason among their number. I was very glad to have seen it. Two years hence I should like to see it again.

STEALING THE SHOW. The Royal Family and the Prime Minister were still stealing the show in the Scottish Press when I turned south for home last week, at the end of the holiday season. In the last days the weather relented, and we enjoyed three fine days running without the usual thunderstorm to follow. And certainly the Highland scene in the Nairn area was in sharp contrast to most of the world beyond. Nairn, as it awaited the arrival of the Premier at the Newton Hotel for the last days of his holiday, was enjoying a belated summer, and the Black Isle was golden across a Mediterranean-blue Firth. The Premier had been splendidly written up. As a grouse shot, Mr. Macmillan has been given the rank of a Lord Ripon. One paper suggested that at the Astors, he was responsible for the entire bag of 250 brace of grouse; and as a golfer, it has been generally agreed, he is of Ryder Cup standard. He certainly had earned his holiday, if wisely and modestly he himself discounted the dew-drops. The people of Nairn refuse to spy on him, but, naturally, some of them have had a clear view of him driving from the tees and putting on the greens within an hour of his arrival. Prince Andrew also proved very photogenic, and completely stole the limelight usually turned on the Braemar Games. The caber tossers, the cyclists and the rope-pullers were in the shadows. Usually at this time of year the Royal Family bring the limelight to cover the games. But this year every beam was centred on a Royal pram. In the immediately local Press, even reports of the Fish Market at Buckie were crowded out and doings at Cambus o' May—that mysterious location sign-posted on all roads but never found by visitors—received no mention. Even along the unchanging shore of the Moray Firth, the processes of evolution were to be observed.

THE OLD STAGER

ENTERTAINMENT

THE LAST JOKE

which opens at the Phœnix Theatre next Wednesday

The plot will remain a secret until the first night on September 28 but it has been divulged that *The Last Joke* consists of "drama, comedy, romance and a touch of fantasy." The time is the present day and the setting is a house in Chiswick Mall and, later, a castle in Kent. In a distinguished cast, Sir Ralph Richardson plays the part of Edward Portal, an oil millionaire who is an art collector. Sir John Gielgud is Prince Ferdinand from Rumania, who has been brought up in England. Robert Flemyng is Hugo his younger brother. Anna Massey has the role of Edward Portal's daughter Rose and Hazel Terry that of his housekeeper Mrs. Webster. Ernest Thesiger appears as Baron Santa Clara an elderly ex-Diplomatist. The direction is by Glen Byam Shaw and the settings are the work of Felix Kelly.

Miss Enid Bagnold's last play in London, *The Chalk Garden*, was memorable for both the construction of its plot and its fine writing. It deservedly had a long run. The arrival of *The Last Joke* at the Phœnix Theatre is therefore being awaited with especial interest.

From left, Hazel Terry (Mrs. Webster); Robert Tunstall (the Chauffeur); Sir Ralph Richardson (Edward Portal) and Robin Hawdon (Robin) in Enid Bagnold's new play

Anna Massey (Rose) points a pistol at Sir John Gielgud (Prince Ferdinand). Paul Curran (Matthew) is in the centre

Sir Ralph Richardson and Hazel Terry

Ernest Thesiger (the Baron) and Robin Hawdon

Anna Massey, Paul Curran, Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson in a tense moment in the last act

Anna Massey with Robert Flemyng (Hugo). **Right:** Sir John Gielgud and Hazel Terry

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

GREAT BRITAIN

The Commonwealth Economic Consultative Council was due to meet for two days earlier this week in London. The Council was established as a result of the Montreal Trade and Economic Conference in 1957. Meetings are held annually in the autumn, and are usually attended by Commonwealth Finance Ministers. An advantage from meeting at this time of year is that the members are enabled to exchange views before proceeding to the annual meeting of the International Bank. Subjects discussed by the Council include such matters as balance of payments, prospects of trade and the development of European trade. This last point is of especial importance this year because of the current moves, in which Britain is involved, for a more closely integrated European economy. Two other points expected to be on the agenda this week were Commonwealth aid to Commonwealth countries in Africa and the organisation of a pool of technical experts.

Mr. Holt, the Australian Federal Treasurer, and his wife arrive in London for the Commonwealth Economic Consultative Council

The twelve-member Canadian Food Mission to the United Kingdom ends its fortnight's visit next Monday (September 26). The Mission, consisting of eleven representatives of the fish and processed foods industry and the Assistant Director of the Agricultural and Fisheries Branch of the Canadian Department of Trade and Commerce, which is its sponsor, has been carrying out an extensive programme, including meetings and discussions in London, Belfast, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow. Before the Mission left Canada, Mr. Gordon Churchill, the Minister of Trade and Commerce, discussing its purpose, declared: "It is essential that Canada should impress on her Commonwealth partners the importance of strengthening sources of supply across the Atlantic, which have contributed so substantially to their preservation in peace and war." Last week in London, Mr. Ben Ormseth, President of the Canadian Food Manufacturers' Association, who is acting as spokesman for the Mission, stressed his satisfaction with the high degree of co-operation which London trade and other related associations had given. He thought this most gratifying and encouraging, and added: "Only through frank and open exchanges of views and ideas among traders on both sides of the ocean can we exploit fully the mutual advantages of increased trade in food products between the United Kingdom and Canada."

Mr. Sandys, the Commonwealth Relations Secretary, inspects work on the Volta dam in Ghana. With him is Mr. Keeble, U.K. Deputy High Commissioner in Accra

AUSTRALIA

Australia has made an additional gesture to help clear the refugee camps of Europe of the tragic "hard core" of people whose health had previously made them ineligible to migrate. The Minister for Immigration, Mr. Downer, announced this recently. He said Australia had made an offer to the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees to accept up to 500 refugee families, each with a physically handicapped member.

Although this aid was in response to the World Refugee Year appeal, Mr. Downer said Australia would not confine her refugee aid only to such special help. "We shall continue to review our policy from time to time to relate the numbers admitted to the needs of refugees."

In addition to the special 500-families offer, the Minister continued, provision would be made in the immigration programme to accept 3,000 refugees under assisted passage arrangements in the present financial year, ending June 30, 1961. These refugees would be drawn mainly from camps in Austria and Italy. Of the special 500 families, 200 would be sponsored by the Australian Government, and the other 300 on the sponsorship of voluntary organisations or individuals.

"Australia has always recognised in a practical way our obligation to give aid and sanctuary to the refugees who are the victims of war and political persecution," Mr. Downer declared. "That is why we have accepted more than 250,000 refugees since the war, and have continuing arrangements to admit refugees as part of our annual immigration programmes.

"We were glad to join with other nations in the special effort of World Refugee Year, to help clear the so-called 'hard core' of refugees who have lived for years in camps because one or more members of a family suffered from some physical handicap. In the past, the fact that one handicapped member could not migrate has meant that other members of the family would not leave him or her, and thus condemned themselves to a life of hopelessness."

NEW ZEALAND

The recent successful diversion of the Waitaki River at the Benmore hydro-electric power scheme, in the South Island of New Zealand, means that construction of the giant earth dam, which will be a major feature of the scheme, will begin at once.

The diversion was finally accomplished through the enthusiastic work of a small team of heavy machinery operators who worked a six-hour non-stop shift with nine bulldozers under the difficult winter conditions in this region. It was accomplished a year earlier than planned. The £36,000,000 540,000-kilowatt scheme, the largest hydro-electric undertaking in New Zealand, is large even by world standards. When operating at its full installed capacity Benmore is expected to provide about 25 per cent. more units a year than the whole of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Power Board's schemes, and about twice the annual output of the largest single station in the famous Snowy River scheme in Australia. Production from full ultimate development of the basin of the Waitaki River, which lies on the boundary between the provinces of Canterbury and Otago, is also likely to be about double that from the whole of the Snowy River, and to be produced at very much less cost.

Earth dam construction is no new development for New Zealand. The country's Ministry of Works engineers, who are responsible for the Benmore construction, have already had considerable experience in working out and applying the best techniques in the several earth dams which have been made in the country. But there has been nothing to approach the size of that at Benmore, which will be one of the world's largest of this type. It will dominate the work as much as any man-made structure can in competition with the majesty of the surrounding mountain peaks. Resembling in general appearance a symmetrical rocky ridge with a slope a trifle too steep for easy walking, the embankment of the dam will have a crest of 2,000 ft. from abutment to abutment, and along it will be a road from 30 to 40 ft. wide. With adjoining spillway and intake structures and a parking area, the crest will be 3,000 ft. long. The width at its base will be about 1,800 ft., and the maximum structural height from rock foundation to crest will be 360 ft. It is expected that about 2,000,000 cubic yards of rock will be excavated and cut for use on the dam shoulders, 5,000,000 cubic yards of clay gravel will be needed for the impervious core and 10,000,000 cubic yards of sandy gravel to cover the core.

WEALTH

Commonwealth economic discussions; Anglo-Canadian food talks; more Australian aid for refugees; a giant dam in New Zealand; European and Bantu in South Africa

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

A massive power intake block, penstocks and powerhouse on the right-hand of the dam facing downstream and a spillway structure on the left side will be in concrete and will require over 500,000 cubic yards. The dam will create New Zealand's largest man-made lake, flooding some 3,000 acres of river terraces. It will have an area of 30 square miles and will contain 72,000,000,000 cubic feet—one-and-a-half times the volume of water in Wellington harbour, one of New Zealand's principal ports. At the average rate of flow of the Waitaki, it will take twelve weeks to fill.

Everything is big at Benmore, including the machinery, and even larger units will arrive soon to assist in the task of carting the millions of cubic yards of fill for the dam from the borrow area two miles away. A great assembly of earth-moving equipment, including many of the heaviest and fastest machines made, is needed to collect, place and compact the dam materials in the time allowed and to the exacting standards required.

SOUTH AFRICA

When he was in London recently on his way to the United Nations, the South African Minister of External Affairs, Mr. Eric Louw, was asked whether current events in the Congo had any direct bearing on the Union's policy of apartheid. He said "no"; but added: "these events in the Congo do seem to have opened the eyes of people overseas to what has happened in Africa and to the undesirability of giving full independence to states not prepared for it."

The distinction the Minister drew in his reply is important for a sensible evaluation of events and policies in Africa. On the one hand the general problem of bringing the less-advanced peoples of Africa (and elsewhere) to independence has many common features; on the other hand, circumstances differ sharply from territory to territory and require different approaches. It is a fallacy to suppose that the success or failure of a particular policy in one part of Africa is any indication of its worth for another.

Thus the factors which must determine policy in the Union are quite unlike those which exist elsewhere on the continent. History herself has drawn the distinctions. To start with, the European and the Bantu in South Africa are, alike, immigrant peoples—the Bantu having arrived first in the northern parts of the country, and the Europeans first in the southern parts. Moreover the Bantu and Europeans in South Africa are members of separate and distinctive nations. The Zulus, for example, are among the most famous of all Africa's nations; and of South Africa's white people, Mr. Macmillan said in Cape Town: "In the history of our times yours will be recorded as the first of the African nationalisms."

South African policy must clearly take into account South African history, which is quite unlike that of any other part of the continent. In South Africa you have these distinctive European and Bantu peoples who moved during the same period of time into a largely empty sub-continent and who, in the years that followed, established themselves as nations in their own homelands.

In such circumstances apartheid, or separate development, is seen by its supporters as the only means of reconciling the equally justifiable claims of the white people to maintain their own nationhood and of the Bantu people to express theirs.

Outside Canterbury Cathedral Colonel J. G. K. Strathy (*extreme right*), of Canada, points to the ceremonial drum he had just presented to Major-General Boucher, Colonel, the Buffs. The gift was made to mark the fifty-years' affiliation between the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada and the Royal East Kent Regiment (The Buffs)

Six West Indians sail from Tilbury, near London, to join the party of West Indian cricketers which will tour Australia in the coming season. From left they are: R. Kanhai, G. Sobers, W. Hall, E. Alves (masseur), C. Hunte and S. Ramadhin

In Lusaka Sir Evelyn Hone, Governor of Northern Rhodesia, presents to Mr. A. J. Fischer, the Mayor, the letters patent in which the Queen conferred city status on the Northern Rhodesian capital. The Town Clerk, Mr. E. S. Dixon, is on right

In a Kent hop-field, a worker cuts the vines from a "crow's-nest"

A minor revolution is taking place in Kent at harvest-time. Both in the hop-fields and in the apple orchards, mechanical aids are increasingly used to speed harvesting, and to cut labour costs. To-day, most of the hops in Kent are picked in this way, and at Castle Farm, Shoreham, a "Rotobank" machine was installed this year. Castle Farm has only 18 acres of hops, but even for an area of this size it is an advantage to use mechanical methods. In the past, William Alexander (Eynsford) Ltd., of Castle Farm, have had to employ about 200 pickers; now nineteen members of the farm staff can cope with the harvest.

For apple harvesting, Mr. L. R. Beecham, of Hulberry Farm, Swanley, also decided to try mechanical means. One of the machines with which he is achieving success is the Canadian "Trump Girette"—a mechanical elevator which enables the pickers to reach the tops of high trees with ease. The fruit is not bruised at all, and Mr. Beecham's labour costs have been cut considerably.

The machine which beats the hops from the vines

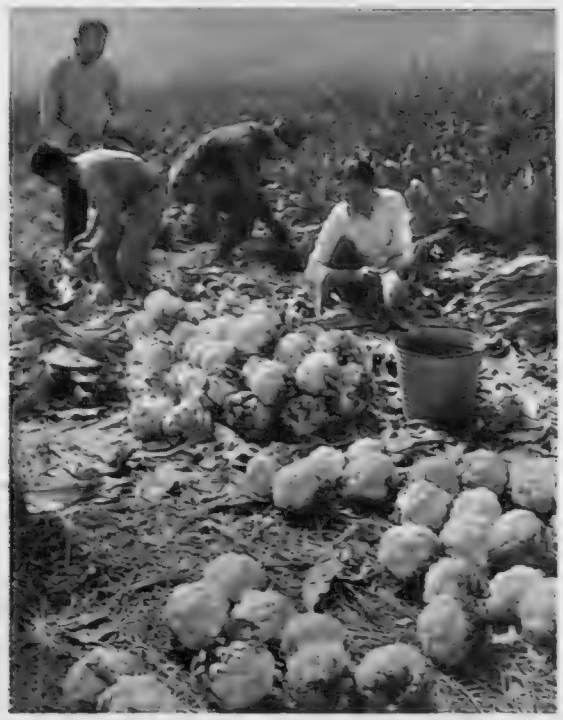
HELPING THE HARVEST

Mr. L. R. Beecham watches as apples are picked on his farm at Swanley, Kent

On the conveyor-belt any remaining stalks are removed

The picker, working from the "Trump Girette," empties the apples he has picked into the bulk harvesting container

In the packing shed at Hulberry Farm, apples are being mechanically graded. The fruit is fed on to the "Dalex" grader from the bulk harvesting containers



Cauliflowers are gathered on Formosa

Sugar cane is another of the Formosan crops

Students outside the National University of Taipeh

A rice field in the mountains at Pulo

In the centre of Taipeh, the capital of the Nationalist Chinese Island of Formosa

The two Chinas

NATIONALIST ISLAND

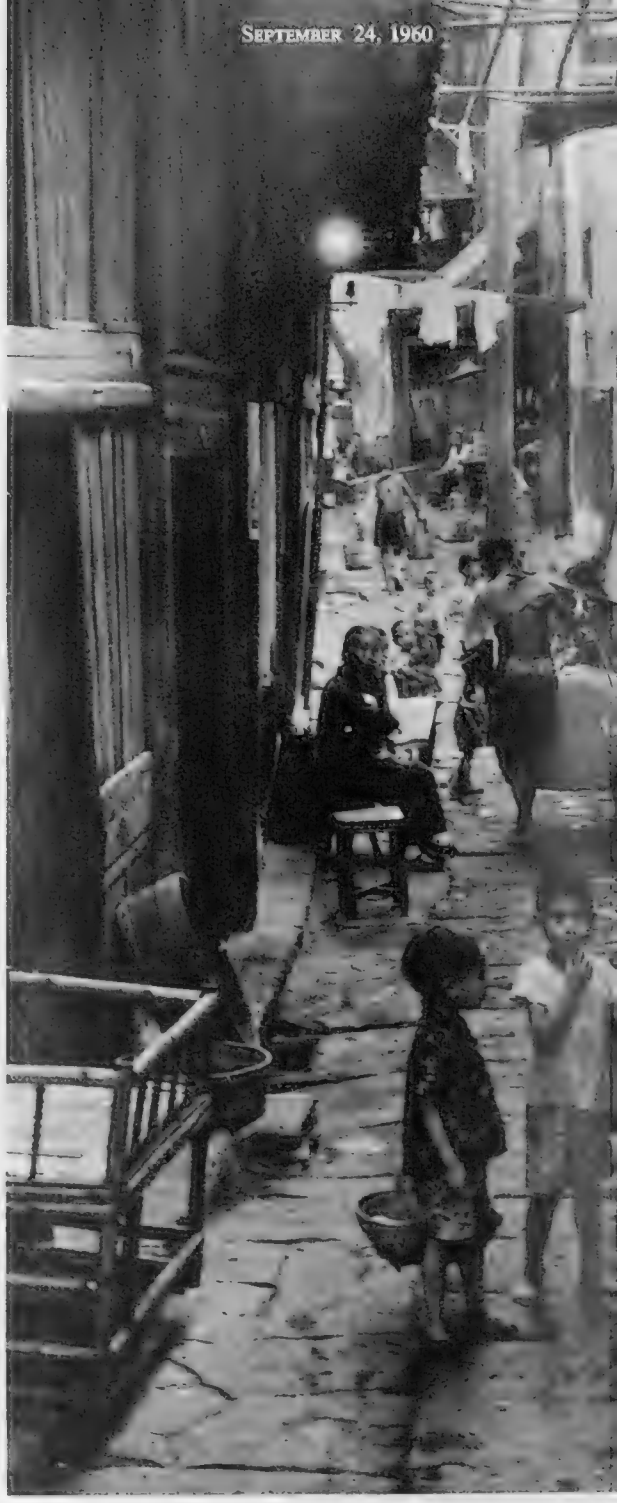
The 100th meeting was held last week in Warsaw in the series of talks started there five years ago between the Ambassadors of the United States and Red China. No progress could be reported for this centenary. The Chinese Press informed its readers that the struggle against "American Imperialism" and for the "liberation of Formosa" would continue.

The island, with an area of 13,900 square miles and lying less than 100 miles off the mainland of China, is the headquarters of the Nationalist Chinese under Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, who led China until he was forced to leave when the Communists overran the country eleven years ago. In Taipeh, the capital of Formosa, Chiang maintains his Government of many ministries and departments for the whole of China and, as he has often declared, aims at recovering or "liberating" the Chinese mainland. Formosa, with its rapidly increasing population, is now estimated to number 10,000,000 inhabitants. The Red mainland, according to the last reliable statistics, has 669,000,000 people. This population is expected to expand faster than any other in the world.

There have been signs recently that some of

(*Continued overleaf*)

Régimes change but the waterfront scene remains the same



An alley in Chungking's shanty town

(*Continued from previous page*)

Chiang's supporters have realised the impossibility of achieving their venerable leader's ambition. The Formosan people can be broadly divided into two groups. One consists of the " Islanders," that is those native-born. The other is made up of the " Mainlanders," that is those who are refugees from Red China. Certain elements in both groups have come together to propound a policy that the time is past for holding to the impossible ambition of recovering Red China. They have also been suggesting that a democratic opposition should be allowed to function in the Formosa Parliament to stop alleged corruption in the current one-party Chiang Kai-shek régime. The leaders of these oppositionists are reported to have been arrested and imprisoned on the Generalissimo's orders. But it is believed that the United States, which has a big stake in Formosa, would like to see an accommodation reached between the two groups.

Meanwhile, the other, and far vaster, China under the control of Pekin has its problems. There can be little doubt that these are being felt in Chungking, on the Yangtze river and one of the largest towns in the country. It was there that in 1946 the late General Marshall, then President Truman's Special Envoy, attempted to mediate between the two Chinas—Communist and Nationalist—which were rapidly coming to blows. His efforts were in vain and Chungking was the last seat of Chiang's government before he left the country.

To-day the young people of Chungking are learning to understand Communism as interpreted by their Communist chief, Mao Tse-tung. Marxist ideology is as much split between rival sects as the older faiths. It is common knowledge that Mao's endeavours to establish himself as the " Pope " of Communism are causing anxiety to Mr. Khrushchev.

Chungking people, in common with the rest of the Chinese, must be aware of the troubles which may face them from a far more unpredictable phenomenon than Mr. Khrushchev, namely Nature. The Pekin Government is not concealing its fears that there may be a widespread famine. (The reasons for this are the population increase and anticipation of a low harvest yield due to droughts and floods and the exodus of peasants to industry.) The Chinese are being encouraged to enjoy " never having it so bad." A poster in communal food halls proclaims: "It is glorious to eat less than one's food ration." Propaganda stresses agriculture is more important than industrial development.

With these problems on both Formosa and the mainland, there can be little hope of the two Chinas becoming one in the foreseeable future.

The two Chinas

IN RED CHUNGKING

Children in a school learn to think along the lines decreed by Mao Tse-tung

Below: Shipping on the Yangtze river

Coolies carry their loads up the steps leading from the Chungking waterfront

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE LAND OF KING INE

If you stand on the earthen ramparts of Maesbury Ring on Mendip there is, spread below you, one of the most extensive panoramic views in England. Not one of the most magnificent—it is too tidy, too quiet and peaceful, for that—but, surely, one of the most typically English, for you are looking into the heart of Somerset: and into an enchanted land. There is always (even on the hottest, stillest, summer day) a breeze at Maesbury, and the thin grasses whisper round your feet: the whispering of souls long gone, the souls of those who threw up these tumbled mounds centuries before the Romans thrust into Mendip in search of lead. On this high and lonely place imagination springs fertile, so that you soon wonder if it is all imagination; and decide that it is only when you are down once more among habitations and petrol fumes.

Standing on Maesbury, you look out over the whole vast central plain of Somerset. Over the Poldens—hidden behind them is Sedgmoor, which provided sanctuary for King Alfred and a bloody downfall for Monmouth—to the Quantocks and the Black Down Hills and, fading in blue distance, to the Dorset Downs beyond Crewkerne. Two miles away runs the Fosse Way: below are the towers of Wells. There is the conical Tor of Glastonbury; and there, the Isle of Avalon, home of legend and departed spirits, the Holy Grail and the Thorn. And there—you can certainly see it, but just which of all the little hills it is, is another matter—is Cadbury Castle, home of legend too, of King Arthur and the Knights of Camelot. Standing on Maesbury, you look out over the opening pages of the English epic.

This is the land of King Ine. He, at least—for it is often difficult to separate fact from legend in this part of the world—is an historical figure, the conqueror of most of Somerset and the first, virtually undisputed, overlord of all England south of the Thames. Though ill-disposed to show mercy to his foes, he was a wise, as well as an energetic, monarch, perhaps the greatest of the West Saxon kings before Alfred, and a just and devout man. He was the author of the earliest known code of West Saxon laws and he was the patron of Glastonbury and many other shrines now forgotten. Like many other kings of the period, he gave up his rank to retire to Rome and end his days near the tombs of the Apostles. Ine was a man of many palaces. At South Petherton a fifteenth-century manor house, which was much rebuilt later but still has a splendid two-storied decorated bay window under a gable on the south side, is locally known as "King Ine's palace." This may indicate that the site of one of the royal residences was here. The story goes that, having held court at a certain palace and ridden away, he was persuaded by his Queen to return to spend the night there. He did so: to find cattle in the hall and the royal bed occupied by a sow and her litter. On the whole, throughout history, kings have not been good at taking a hint: but this seems to have convinced Ine that it was time to go.

The octagonal battlemented Market Cross stands in the square at Somerton, with the tower of the "good, solid, dignified town church" in the background

King Ine's capital was Somerton. Although Somerton is situated on (for central Somerset) high ground, you cannot pick it out from Maesbury. It lies some eight miles from Glastonbury and is little visited. To-day, it is a small country town (really, I suppose, a village, for its population is barely 2,000), subsisting mainly on agriculture, and it is difficult at a casual glance to believe that it was once a place of importance. But so it was. Once it was an important wool town—the Market Cross is a memorial of those days and that trade—and for many years, though long since superseded by Taunton, it was the county town of Somerset. Why it should have ceased to be, why it never expanded (indeed, it has shrunk), is a problem. Wilton, another very ancient country town, was once the county town of Wiltshire. But here there is no problem. Wilton is but three miles from Salisbury. It was the cathedral, rather than its situation at the junction of several rivers, that gave Salisbury its importance and destroyed that of Wilton. Nothing like that operated in the case of Somerton, which, one would think, was ideally situated and which had, for those days, what must have been excellent communications with the rest of the county. One would be tempted to think that the construction of the main line from Bristol to Taunton had something to do with it but, in fact, Somerton's importance had disappeared before ever a sleeper was laid.

But as you walk about this pleasant little town you become impressed by an atmosphere. It is like meeting a nobleman in reduced circumstances. There is an air about the place. There are some very good town houses (not at all the sort of houses you expect to find in a place of this size); Broad Street would grace many a greater city, and the market-place, with the church lying back from its north side, provides one of the pleasantest urban views in Somerset. It is an irregular little square, and the thing that most catches your eye is the Market Cross. Shepton Mallet has a more famous market cross, but I think that, by comparison, it is a bit over-elaborate and pretentious. Somerton's, which was rebuilt in 1673, is a broad, low, octagonal structure in grey stone with eight rounded arches and battlements adorned with gargoyles. Close by is the Town Hall, which is seventeenth-, or perhaps early eighteenth-, century. The castle once stood on the south side of the square. It has long since disappeared, but the White Hart, which occupies part of the site, has some astonishingly thick walls. There are some fine buildings in Broad Street, notably the Westminster Bank and the Red Lion, with its long five-bay front.

Somerset is famous for its church towers, and Somerton, let it be said at once, cannot compare with the best of them. I do not really think that you can call Somerton's church more than a good, solid, dignified town church. All the same, it is something of an exception among Somerset churches in that it is not predominantly Perpendicular. But, within, there is a magnificent Perpendicular roof, the sight of which will repay a very long journey. This roof is panelled with quatrefoil panels, which are said to be all identical. Indeed, Mr. Kenneth Wickham says that they are repeated 640 times. This is the sort of minute research that always intrigues me. The next time I went to Somerton after reading that, I thought I would check it. You might care to try some time. I cannot even tell you if they are, in fact, all identical (I feel quite sure they are), but I can tell you that I know of no better way of getting a stiff neck.

Meon Maid, photographed by H. S. Newcombe, whose book is reviewed on this page

One of Beken and Sons' fine shots which are among the many illustrations in *Camera Afloat*

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

This week's " One-of-a-kind " Catamaran meeting, a series of five days' racing in the Solent, is another big step in the rapid development of the catamaran, particularly the racing type. Although staged by the Stokes Bay Sailing Club, of Gosport, it might be regarded as an official R.Y.A. venture, and much work has been done for its success by the R.Y.A. Catamaran Committee.

It was that committee which announced earlier in the year that the dimensions of entries in the " open " class of the meeting should be limited to an overall length of 25 ft., a beam of 14 ft. and a sail area of 300 sq. ft. This shows clearly that the aim is not so much a popular type suitable for racing in many places—there are apparently some satisfactory models of this kind already—but a superior racing machine capable of exploring to the full the speed and handling potential of twin-hulled sailing craft.

To enable all the different types that were expected to race together, and to provide a fair basis of comparison of their respective merits, a simple handicap formula was devised by the same committee. This gives each vessel a rating, based on three measurements only, overall length, beam and sail area, and from the rating a time correction factor (TCF) is easily worked out. On this basis it appears that the catamaran with the maximum permitted measurements becomes the scratch boat in the fleet, giving time to all smaller ones in proportion to their dimensions.

The fact that there was such a good entry for this open class is evidence of the interest and enthusiasm of designers and builders. The field is certainly wide open and offers tremendous scope for new ideas and originality.

I would not go as far as one of the most eloquent supporters of catamarans, Roger Gresham-Cooke, M.P., who says that they are going to replace single hulled craft generally. He compares the advantage of their greater stability to the advantage of a four-wheeled racing car over a motor-cycle.

One would have to be a prophet of some calibre to say whether he is right or not, but, the age of the catamaran, if it is to come, is still some way off. In the " production class " of this week's meeting, for which only types of which no fewer than twenty-five have been sold are eligible, there are remarkably few entries. The total of seven, Shearwater I, II, III and IV, Jumpahead I and II, and Mercury represent only three makers. If a comparison with the history of the motor-car is fair, this fact alone tells its story.

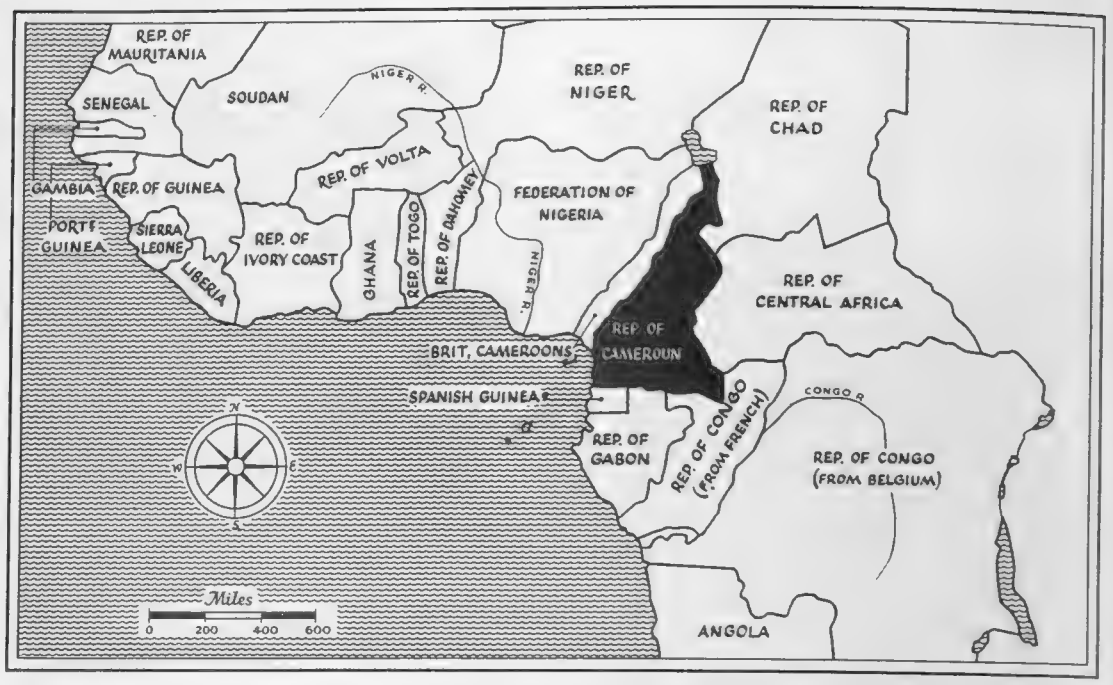
The inherent beauty of sea and sails makes yachting a better subject for pictorial representation than most sports. When the whole scene changes from second to second, and everything, including the background, is on the move all the time, one might imagine that yachtsmen are the most prolific producers of fine photographs. Surprisingly, this is not the case. Many carry cameras, often elaborate and expensive ones, yet good pictures taken by amateur photographers are extremely rare.

Camera Afloat, by H. S. Newcombe (Focal Press. 30s.), goes a long way to remedy this lack. Its author is the ideal person to write such a long needed work. He is a keen yachtsman who sails a 5-tonner regularly, a recognised expert in the use of all the latest cameras, and the author of several other helpful photographic books. Taking nothing for granted, he starts his reader at the beginning, and explores the subject with an amazing thoroughness which covers every possible condition and situation. In addition to a number of his own photographs, the book is lavishly illustrated by the work of other marine photographers, including such famous ones as Beken and Sons of Cowes.

AFRICA'S UNKNOWN WAR

By PIETER LESSING

President Ahmadou Ahidjo of the Cameroun Republic



The Republic of Cameroun (formerly the French Cameroons) is in the area in which many new African states have recently achieved independence or will soon reach that status. Senegal and Soudan broke up their Mali Federation last month. Now each is a separate independent state

"It's a terrible place, this," said my companion. "The people are always fighting, always killing each other. They never seem to get tired of it. I think I'll have to leave one of these days. They're ruining my business."

My companion was a professional gold and diamond smuggler. He was a Nigerian but had been conducting his business for years in what used to be the French Cameroons and is now (since the beginning of this year) the independent Cameroun Republic. He had a legitimate grievance. The terrorists had cut off his normal trade route and the activities of the French Army, who are fighting the terrorists at the request of the Cameroun Government, was making it difficult for him to find an alternative route.

The conversation continued. "The French are just as bad," he said. "You wouldn't believe it, you know, but they don't even speak English. They're not gentlemen because all gentlemen can speak English. It makes life really difficult if you can't deal with gentlemen."

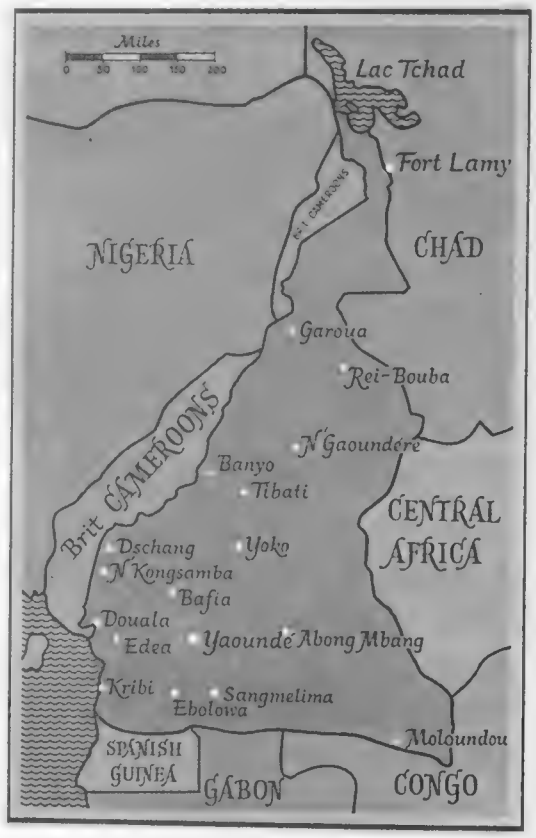
We were driving from Yaoundé, the capital of the Cameroun Republic, to Douala, its main city and seaport on the Gulf of Guinea, about 200 miles away. But our progress was slow because the road was incredibly bad in places, military convoys hampered movement in other places, and at check-points we were often delayed. And we were racing against time, because from shortly after sundown to dawn nobody may enter or leave Douala, as there is a strict curfew—anything moving is in danger of being shot on sight. But not to enter Douala before sundown is even more dangerous because in the open the terrorists are likely to mow you down.

We entered Douala just in time, but it was like driving into the front line. On every street corner troops were on duty with sten guns at the ready. On the steps of public buildings they could be seen standing on guard, leaning against sandbags. They were the first thing I noticed when entering the hotel lobby—standing in the corners of the room, finger on the trigger just in case anybody felt tempted to throw a hand grenade or a home-made petrol bomb.

These were not idle precautions. For fourteen months already this has been a vicious and bloody war. On my return to London I was to discover that it is also Africa's unknown war in spite of the fact that more than 5,000 people, including women and children, have already died in it. (The real figure is probably much higher as it is impossible to keep a proper count.) During the seven days before I entered Douala seven people (in this particular case all French men or women) had been shot down in the city's main street and one building had been burnt down in spite of the absolute vigilance.

And now fresh army reinforcements were moving in from Fort Leclerc, in the Central African Republic, 700 miles away, in a bid to forestall an expected intensification of the terror campaign which the Government feared would be a prelude to a general uprising in an area of about 7,000 square miles, from Douala on the Atlantic to the border of the British Cameroons—in fact, in the whole of the Bamileke Province. At the same time troops of the Queen's Own Nigerian Regiment moved on to the border from the west to prevent supplies, both food and arms, from reaching the terrorists from the British Cameroons.

The British Cameroons has until recently been a most useful base for the terrorists. Many Bamileke tribesmen live in the British Cameroons,



Cameroun and its immediate neighbours

A military patrol on the main

where they established crude armament factories (mainly home-made pistols and rifles and petrol bombs). Equally important, whenever the French forces pressed the terrorist forces too hard the British Cameroons was handy to move into to rest and re-equip, under the protection of sympathetic tribesmen. The French have for long felt bitter about it, but now at last the Queen's Own Nigerian Regiment is looking after the border. But probably too late, because the terrorists have organised a much more effective source of armaments—Czechoslovakia.

Just how the supplies reach them is not known, because French naval vessels patrol the coastline to prevent gun-running; but large quantities of modern Czech weapons have lately been pouring into the country. The chances are that the British Cameroons will no longer be so necessary as a haven because the terrorists are now much more closely knit and better organised than before, following the return of many of their commanders from East Germany where they underwent intensive military training.

The feared general uprising in the Bamileke Province did not come while I was there, no doubt because of the extensive military precautions,

The statue in Douala to General Leclerc (1902-1947)

A medical inspection for children in a school

Street scene in Douala, the largest town and main commercial centre

road through the Bamileke Province, the region of terrorism and rebellion

but it may come at any time because a last truce offer by the Cameroun Government of President Ahidjo has met with no response. Or almost no response. President Ahidjo had offered anybody who surrendered before a given date a free pardon, the right to keep his fire-arms and the right to wear a special terrorist badge as a mark of honour. *(A report received in London last week indicated that a considerable number of the rebels have now taken advantage of this amnesty offer, although some terrorist bands are still operating.—ED.)*

One rebel chief, a man named Robert Ekwalla, accepted the offer. President Ahidjo kept his word and for three weeks Ekwalla walked up and down the countryside receiving homage from so-called neutral Bamileke tribe members. Then he suddenly announced that life in a " state of legality " did not suit him and that he was returning to the jungle to resume the fight for the independence of the Bamileke Province —that is, independent of the Cameroun Republic.

There is a misconception that the revolt in the Bamileke Province is against France. That is not so, because the Cameroun Republic is completely independent to-day. French military forces are present simply because President Ahidjo could not possibly manage with his minute Camerounian Army and therefore asked for French help. It is, in fact, a Communist revolt against the central Government, which is pro-West and is trying hard to be democratic. The leader of the revolt and self-styled leader of the Bamileke is a youngish man called Moumié. When the authorities first tried to arrest him he fled to the British Cameroons, where he lived for some time in complete safety. From there he went to Cairo where he was for a little while the guest of President Nasser. Next he turned up in Moscow where he was well received.

After sojourns in Prague and East Berlin he has returned to Africa—to Guinea, Russia's recently acquired satellite. For the moment he is conducting the terrorist campaign from Conakry, 2,000 miles away, where he is keeping company with a number of Chinese recently arrived from Peking. While behind the Iron Curtain he was able to make arrangements for the supply of the Czech arms and the East German military training of his lieutenants. How long he intends staying in Conakry is not known, but his clandestine return to the Cameroun Republic, to the Bamileke Province, is awaited with great uneasiness. It is feared that he will proclaim the Bamileke Province an independent Communist State. If so, he is likely to get the support of the whole province, not because the people particularly want to be " independent " or Communist, but because of his powers of intimidation and also because the Bamileke tribe on the whole prefer to keep to themselves.

For people living in Europe it is difficult to realise how powerful a weapon of intimidation a box of matches can be to somebody living in a grass hut. It is particularly powerful if the hut is set on fire with all the occupants, women and children included, inside, and a guard is placed at the one small door to prevent anybody escaping. I saw evidence of this kind of intimidation. With a French military escort I was able to drive through parts of the terrorist-held area. In some villages fewer than one hut out of three remains standing. The rest are heaps of ashes. Nearby there are always the tell-tale fresh graves containing charred bodies. The villagers, in fact, live in constant fear of swift terror raids by Moumié's followers.

The purpose of these terror raids is not so much punitive as to keep the people in a permanent state of unrest to make sure that they will not contemplate disloyalty to Moumié's cause. When the raids occur, usually at night, huts are not only burnt down but men, women and children are indiscriminately hacked to pieces. And, as happened in Kenya during the Mau Mau emergency, the murder orgies are normally accompanied by the most bestial obscenities. My inspection of the area made it quite clear that the more than 5,000 refugees who have so far this year fled to the safety of the British Cameroons had good reason to do so. I could also see why it is impossible to keep a proper check on the number killed—nobody bothers to count them. The official casualty figure, therefore, reflects only the number of corpses that have actually been counted. It is a savage war, without mercy, and the French forces, battling against impossible odds, cannot afford to wear kid gloves.

Meanwhile, as this war is fought endlessly, the economy of the Cameroun Republic is being utterly ruined. The main exports are bananas, coffee and cocoa, but the plantations are not being worked—the plantation labour dare not venture into the open, and even if they

(Continued on page 484)

TRAVEL

REGION OF STRONGHOLDS AND CASTLES

By **GORDON COOPER**

The Chateau Weikersheim looks onto the market square

Not least of the joys which lure the inveterate traveller on to fresh explorations comes from unexpected discoveries. In Europe such delights are rare, for almost every corner is now well known. Recently, however, I toured the district of Hohenlohe, which lies in North Württemberg between the Rivers Neckar and Tauber. There I found a peaceful and unspoilt romantic land of castles, a region with a charm quite its own and with many historical associations. It is indeed a part of Germany that merits to be much better known, even though it is away from the main roads.

Hohenlohe may rightly be called the region of strongholds and castles, where the tourist has a unique chance of visiting various ancient castles and magnificent Renaissance mansions. There are some hundred castles in the area, including more than twenty still in the possession of the Hohenlohe family which gives its name to this part of northern Württemberg.

Two pleasant centres from which you could explore this lovely and interesting countryside are Bad Mergentheim in the north and Schwäbisch-Hall in the south. Bad Mergentheim is a renowned spa in a picturesque setting in the heart of wooded hills, with a castle dating from the sixteenth century—a former residence of the Teutonic Order. This health resort, incidentally, is noted for its treatment of obesity and an all-in three weeks' treatment costs about £100. The town, too, has much charm, with its medieval lanes and long-extended market-place. Then, for excursions within easy reach, you have the choice of Stuppach, Creglingen and Weikersheim.

At Stuppach, in a side chapel of the church, there is a famous Madonna by Matthias Grünewald, a valuable art treasure for which an American is said to have offered 1,000,000 dollars. Personally, I much preferred the little church on the outskirts of Creglingen, which contains the world-famous Tilman Riemenschneider carved wood altar, perhaps the finest masterpiece of its kind in Europe. This church also possesses other art treasures, including a very fine High Altar.

Halfway between Creglingen and Bad Mergentheim is the castle of Weikersheim on the Tauber. It is the most important residence of the Hohenlohe family, and was erected on the walls of the original citadel of the dynasty. Here the visitor may get an idea of the pleasant and serene atmosphere of court life on a large scale. Particularly charming is the park (which might rather be termed a large garden), where you find water-fountains and cascades, rose beds, statues, a lovely orangery and many delightful details dating from the Renaissance and Rococo periods. The suites of rooms within are filled with furniture and art treasures of many centuries, and responsible for their excellent display is Prince Constantine of Hohenlohe, who is also the artistic director of other castles in the district, notably at Neuenstein. Most famous of the rooms in Weikersheim is the celebrated and sumptuous knights' hall with coffered oak ceiling. And the overall impression of this castle is completed by the charming panorama of the typically Franconian town of Weikersheim. With its beautiful market-place it seems to be just the right introduction to a visit to the castle, but also invites the tourist to enjoy a drink of Tauber wine. Concerts by youth orchestras are given each summer in the castle.

My itinerary took me from Bad Mergentheim via Stuppach to the castle at Jagsthausen, the birthplace of the renowned knight Götz von Berlichingen. (A play of the same name by Goethe is performed each summer in the castle's courtyard.) Within this castle there is an interesting museum with the knight's celebrated "Iron Hand," and there is also an excellent restaurant (noted for its cuisine and wines) from whose windows you have a view of the quiet, dreamy Jagst Valley. Then in one of the wings is an hotel where you may sleep in an old four-poster; pension rates are around 30s. a day. It is ideal for a restful holiday, and the surrounding country is very pleasing.

My other recommended centre, Schwäbisch-Hall, is one of the most delightful medieval towns in Germany. Built on steep slopes, the market-place is one of the finest and most beautifully designed imaginable. Its most striking feature is a glorious flight of steps which leads up to St. Michael's Church, and these form a dramatic setting for a summer play festival. The steps, in my opinion, even excel in beauty the better-known Spanish Steps in Rome. There are many quaint corners in the town, including covered-in wooden bridges over the Kocher. The Goldene Adler is a recommended hotel—it faces the steps. Then, on a hill-top not far away, is the former fortified Benedictine monastery of Komburg. Its collegiate church (twelfth century) has one of the finest exteriors of the Romanesque style, while its interior contains many treasures.

North-east of Schwäbisch-Hall is the pleasant village of Langenburg, with a Renaissance castle belonging to the Princess of Hohenlohe. The Duke of Edinburgh's sister lives here, and he is an occasional visitor. In the village there are some good inns (notably the Post), and I could recommend this spot for a holiday. A much quieter and less popular village, however, is Waldenburg (north-west of Schwäbisch-Hall), which, like Langenburg, stands on a hill-top. I liked the small Hotel Bergfried, from which there is a glorious panoramic view. The castle-palace of the Dukes of Hohenlohe-Waldenburg, built on a spur, was badly damaged in the war, and is now a boot factory.

Not far distant is the Hohenlohe castle of Neuenstein, actually more a palace than a castle, with large suites of rooms, including a fine knights' hall and a huge Gothic castle kitchen. This castle-museum contains the most costly historical collections of South Germany.

Next comes Ochringen with its residential castle and large park. In the vicinity is the first-class Waldhotel Friedrichsruhe, lying in rural surroundings and a delightful place for a holiday.

Further information—apply to the German Tourist Office, 6, Vigo Street, London, W.1.

The castle of Bad Mergentheim

Looking towards the east door of St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster, and (below) some of the statues of famous politicians in the Hall

PASSAGE OF HISTORY

After two years of restoration and cleaning, the interior of St. Stephen's Hall, in the Palace of Westminster, has recovered its traditional appearance. The statues of Burke, Pitt, Chatham, Walpole, Hampden and Fox, which were removed, are back in their usual places; fingers, and in Pitt's case a nose, which had been broken off during the years, have been carefully replaced. The historical pictures which line the walls (depicting the "Building of Britain") have also returned after their absence for cleaning. Where the Hall stands, is the site of St. Stephen's Chapel—for 300 years the Commons Chamber. In 1834 it was destroyed by fire. The present Hall, part of Barry's Parliament buildings, is on the same site. During the last war it sometimes again housed the Commons until the move was made to the House of Lords.

BOOKS

CRICKET ANTHOLOGY

Two exceptional grandmammas; Herr Willy Brandt's autobiography; Miss Otis Skinner's new book; pioneer days in New Zealand

Driving past a village green to-day in golden September sunshine I saw some young men happily, or anyway concentratedly, playing football, and it brought home to me with melancholy force that the cricket season was indeed over and that other sports were heralding the long autumn and winter. All the more delighted was I then to come home to browse in THE CRICKETERS' COMPANION (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.), for this is an admirable anthology of prose and poetry about this great game. Mr. Alan Ross, who has edited it, has divided the volume into five sensible parts, one of which is concerned with poetry, or rather light verse, and the others with cricket stories in general, great matches, great players and those splendid but unclassifiable incidents, well described as Men and Moments.

It is good to see Mr. R. C. Robertson-Glasgow's writing so well represented here, for very few contemporary writers, always excepting Mr. Neville Cardus and the editor himself, have exactly that blend of great cricketing knowledge, elegant style and humour. From the past there are memories from John Nyren, and some splendid brief biographies of such dazzling stars as W. G. Grace, Don Bradman and Jack Hobbs. From more recent times, are studies of Denis Compton and Keith Miller. The whole book is a delight and greatly to be recommended to those among us who regret the yearly passing of cricket—even in such a summer as this.

The frontispiece of MY GRANDMOTHERS AND I (Hamish Hamilton. 21s.) is of so alarming a nature that it may deter the nervous reader from pursuing his study of Miss Diana Holman-Hunt's biography of two of her ancestors. This, as I discovered, would be a pity, for there is much that is entertaining, nostalgic and unexpectedly informative about it. The ladies in question were the widow of the famous Victorian painter Holman (" Light of the World ") Hunt and the author's no less intimidating maternal grandmother. As for the frontispiece it is a press photograph of the painter and his wife leaving a royal garden party, the old bearded and be-spatted gentleman clinging to the arm of his formidable wife whose long and intricate clothes seem too feminine for the bold, resolute and pince-nezed face above them.

Miss Holman-Hunt's childhood was divided between these two exceptional women: the one elegant, fussy and socially minded; the other living in the past to an hallucinating degree. An observant child took note of what went on about her, was cosseted by the servants, nagged by one grandmother in the nicest possible way, and bewildered by the other, remaining through all the vicissitudes a lively and likable little girl and a very special kind of biographer. I particularly enjoyed the story of the reception at Mrs. Holman-Hunt's house when young Diana acted as a guide and startled the company, which included Dean Inge and Mr. Edward Marsh, with her strictly domestic interpretations of the pictures and the models who had been used for them. An amusing, chaotic and very revealing book about a gifted family and a vanished epoch.

GRANDMA MOSES, probably the most famous of American primitive painters, is seen painting on her 100th birthday, which she celebrated recently at her New York home. Born Anna Mary Robertson, Grandma Moses began to paint when she was seventy-seven

Herr Willy Brandt, Mayor of Berlin and a born fighter, has produced his autobiography in MY ROAD TO BERLIN (Peter Davies. 25s.) and his story, as he told it to Leo Lania, is both tough and worthy of respect. He was born in Lübeck in the poorest of circumstances and fatherless. When Hitler came to power, young Brandt fled from Germany to Norway where he joined the Labour Party and, on the Nazi occupation, was imprisoned as a Norwegian soldier. After the war his adopted country offered him the post of Norwegian ambassador to France but instead of accepting it, Brandt renounced his Norwegian citizenship and his career to return to the ruins of Berlin in order, as he said, " to help build democracy in my native land." His subsequent career has made contemporary history and the book is indeed for the most part a political study of post-war factions and problems. Lively and provocative reading.

Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner is an entertainer in the most light-hearted sense of the word. Her new little volume of sketches, THE APE IN ME (Michael Joseph. 15s.), illustrates her art of finding amusement or genial exasperation in the most commonplace of circumstances and is written with her familiar verve and friendly ease. I think it will be women in the main who will sympathise with the objects of her praise and blame but since the inventors of zippers, cellulose tape and airport accommodation are presumably men, they too might benefit from a more than cursory reading of these pages.

Apart from the glorious piece of unwitting humour revealed by the remark that " the work of stockjobbers makes more intellectual demands than that of stockbrokers," Mr. Paul Ferris' book on THE CITY (Gollancz. 21s.) is a most careful and penetrating assessment of much that goes on in the financial heart of London. Mr Ferris tells us that he began his research with a moderate bias against it, but *en route* he acquired a certain respect for the city's hard core of reality. There are chapters on the stock markets and stock market men, on the bill brokers and the merchant banks, and on Lloyd's. The author goes into some detail about recent episodes which have commanded considerable public attention, including the Bank Rate Tribunal of three years ago and the Fraser battle for Harrods.

One man who knows probably more about the city than most of his contemporaries, particularly in respect of its political affiliations, is Paul Einzig, former political correspondent of the *Financial Times*. He openly admits that he has feuded with five successive Chancellors of the Exchequer, and he tells us something of these battles in his modestly entertaining autobiography IN THE CENTRE OF THINGS (Hutchinson. 30s.). As a working journalist, Mr. Einzig can claim some notable successes, not least in getting advance information regarding cabinet appointments. His technique is simple but ingenious: congratulate every possible aspirant on encountering him, and wait for the reaction. Usually it works like a charm.

CITY LIGHTS

The workings of London's financial heart

" What is Cambridge really like ? " It may be a fond parent, a visitor from the Commonwealth, or a schoolboy or girl with university aspirations who asks the question. So rich and various is this venerable city, so full of antiquity and yet so fresh with youth and change, that it is hard indeed for any one person to give the answer with any sense of satisfaction. In THE CAMBRIDGE YEAR (Chatto and Windus. 30s.), however, Louis T. Stanley has in prose and photography succeeded in presenting a wide-ranging picture of the university, taking us through the Cambridge streets and the Cambridge seasons. Mr. Stanley never allows his monumental subject to overawe him; he has a fund of anecdotes, and would rather tell us of the antics of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, that most unorthodox Foundation Scholar of Jesus (the college that was once a community of Benedictine Nuns), than he would describe architectural features of this or that building, though he is not unmindful of the latter's glory. Skilfully he has conjured up the unique atmosphere of the university surrounding its customs and its way of life.

An equally light, but at the same time more academic, approach to presenting the portrait of a great university is adopted by Hugh MacLennan in his symposium McGILL: THE STORY OF A UNIVERSITY (George Allen and Unwin. 27s. 6d.). Mr. MacLennan, who acts as general editor, is Professor of English Literature at this great Canadian seat of learning and into the bargain he is a " best selling " novelist. It is only a century since McGill, " tiny, shabby, and neglected," sought to establish itself in the heart of Montreal. To-day it has the air of a veteran—suave, sophisticated and mature. The portrayal of the university's massive growth is exceedingly well done, but having followed it one longs to know something more of McGill's atmosphere and its daily life. Mr. Louis Stanley's technique in respect of Cambridge would have served Mr. MacLennan well.

There is a sardonic Lancashire saying " Salford lads, Manchester men, Liverpool gentlemen." It provides Mr. David Wainwright with a neat title for his history of Liverpool College, that remarkable boy's school, which has played no small part in setting the pattern of secondary education in England. LIVERPOOL GENTLEMEN (Faber and Faber. 25s.) is a book essentially for the educationist. It reveals many heartening features, not least the continuous loyalty of Merseyside people to a school which, when founded in 1840, offered an academic ladder from humble homes to university long before this became commonplace, and which to-day forges ahead boldly with modern teaching methods, particularly in science. Perhaps the sad feature of such a school is that it educates boys away from their environment.

R. C. E.

THE DOUBLE BLIND (Collins. 16s.) is Mr. John Rowan Wilson's new novel and it is also the term applied to a method of scientific experimenting; a relevant part of his plot. Mr. Wilson's story is about two men, educated at the same Jesuit school, choosing medical careers and, for a time, the same girl to fall in love with, but afterwards growing increasingly out of touch. As we begin, one of them is in a tropical island conducting a series of trials with a new anti-encephalitis virus and the other is sent out by the Ministry of Health to inquire into the efficacy of the cure, only to find the whole small country passionately divided on the question, and the personal factor more hotly stressed than Whitehall could either imagine or admit. Extremely well written, especially in the technical but simply expressed passages which deal directly with bacteriology and surgery, and further proof that this is a writer with a realistic and an exciting touch.

Recently there have been one or two novels about New Zealand which showed that beautiful country as it was in pioneering days. Now comes Noel Hilliard's MAORI GIRL (Heinemann. 16s.) which is not only contemporary but a vividly authentic picture of a side of life there that is not always recognised: the social and emotional differences between the Maori inhabitants and the settlers. The Maori girl of the story lives in the North Island and is a pleasant, easy-going attractive young woman who looks forward, without too much ambition, to taking part in the social life of the other young people. At first she has a reasonable success and then, due only partly to the difference in race, she comes face to face with tragedy, none the less real for being set in a time-worn pattern. Noel Hilliard has captured the atmosphere, the dialogue and the setting of the place with wonderful accuracy, and the novel is one to remember for this even more than for its plot.

THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE (Michael Joseph. 16s.) has, in spite of its title, a background of Washington and New York. It is by Mr. Richard Condon, it is immensely readable and, by and large, it is a story of real horror. The principal character is an American soldier who has won the highest American decoration the Congressional Medal of Honour, in the Korean war. He returns from it outwardly unchanged but in fact poisoned by the black magic of " brain washing " so that his Communist masters can control his actions whenever they choose. His mother is a Washington politico, beautiful, ruthless and quite vile, who has engineered her second husband into the position of a McCarthy-like senator. Her designs for her son are even more unspeakable, and, unfortunately, almost completely successful. However much or little one knows of the American scene in the recent past, this is a compulsively readable book, but never a pleasant one, in spite of its flashes of humour and insight.

JULIE (Cassell. 16s.), although less fantastic in its theme, which is a variation on the evergreen Cinderella one, is a less satisfying piece of work. Mr. Bernard Frizell has done his best to make his heroine both likable and credible but, in my view, she is neither: a beautiful girl who comes from the sticks to the big city with a pathological desire to succeed in life and who only, in the last analysis, achieves a conventional transformation from New York model girl, through various sentimental experiments, to mistress of a Wall Street tycoon. Everyone is excessively articulate—Julie herself is a private speech maker of no mean ability—and each character, whether *Life* photographer, newspaper man or social gadabout is excellently drawn, but the impact is curiously null. Perhaps though, as one of the girl's lovers writes in a farewell letter: " I was zeroed in on a basic question."

Vernon Fane

Billy Liar (Albert Finney), turns to Arthur (Trevor Bannister), as he finds some pep-pills to feed to his girl-friend

Billy, with his mother, father and grandmother, in a tense scene

BILLY LIAR

at the Cambridge Theatre

Young Billy Fisher (Albert Finney), a boy who has created for himself a world of fantasy, is an inveterate liar. Thus the title of the new comedy by Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall. Billy Liar lives in a north country industrial town with his mother (Mona Washbourne), his father (George A. Cooper), and his grandmother (Ethel Griffies). The action of the play covers only one day, but during that short time Billy contrives to become engaged to two girls, Barbara (Ann Beach) and Rita (Juliet Cooke), at the same time. The third girl in Billy Liar's life is Liz, played by Jennifer Jayne. The first-night critics were unanimously enthusiastic about Albert Finney's portrayal of the boy who is ensnared in a land of make-believe. The authors, Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall, were childhood friends, but did not meet again until last year. The play—adapted from Keith Waterhouse's book *Billy Liar*—is their first in collaboration. Lindsay Anderson is the director.

The " homely " fiancée, Barbara, with Billy

Rita—Billy Liar's " second " fiancée

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Harald Peake

In 1923, when he was in his early twenties, Harald Peake started work as a pupil in one of his family's coal mines: to-day he is the chairman of the Steel Company of Wales, which employs about 24,000 men. In 1955 he was invited by the Bank of England to become chairman of the company at the time when large sections of the steel industry were being denationalised. Harald Peake was educated at Eton and Trinity, Cambridge. He was President of the Athletic Committee at Eton, and rowed for Cambridge and England. He drove a pair of horses in the University Battery at the Royal Tournament. For several years he piloted his own aircraft. During the First World War, Mr. Peake served in the Coldstream Guards. In 1936, he raised and commanded No. 609 (West Riding) Squadron, Royal Auxiliary Air Force, and was appointed Director of the Auxiliary Air Force, Air Ministry, in 1938. During the last war he served in various capacities in the Air Ministry, retiring with the rank of Air Commodore. In recent years he has been Treasurer of the St. Clement Danes R.A.F. Church Appeal and a trustee of the Trevelyan Scholarship Scheme. He was a member of the appeals committee of Churchill College, Cambridge, and of King George's Jubilee Trust. Mr. Peake has been a vice-chairman of Lloyds Bank since 1947, and is Governor of the London Assurance; and a director of Rolls-Royce, the National Bank of Australasia, the Bank of London and South America, and the National Commercial Bank of Scotland. In his spare time, Mr. Peake enjoys pictures, books, good wines and country life on his farm in Oxfordshire

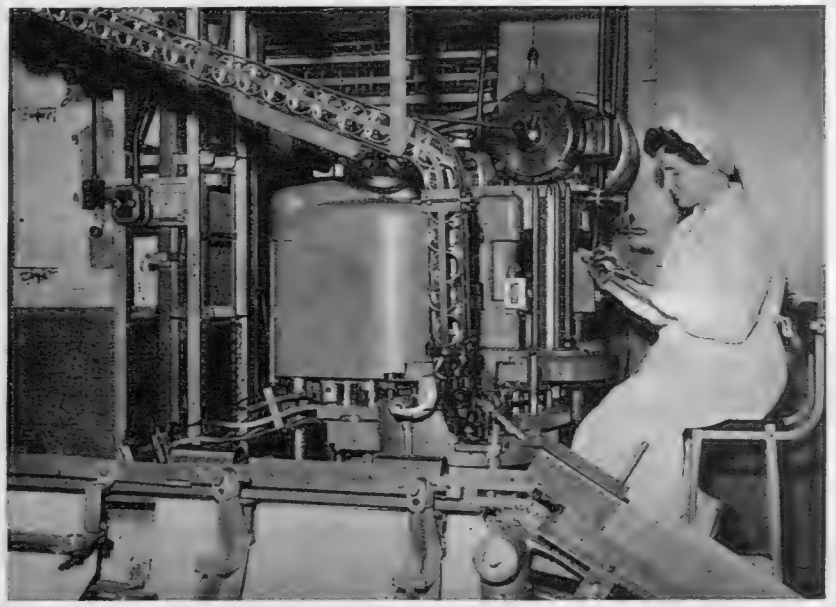
LUXURY COMES IN CANS

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

It used to be regarded as an economic " law " that as a man's income rose he spent less and less of his extra purchasing power on food. It may well still hold good, so far as any individual is concerned; but in economics few " laws " escape a good deal of argument. In the last twenty years, as applied to a whole population whose purchasing power has been growing steadily, evidence for and against this one, in Britain, has veered uncertainly. At the end of the thirties people were spending about 30 per cent. of their incomes (after tax) on food; in the immediate post-war years, as a proportion of personal expenditure, food buying went down to less than a quarter. This would have fitted the general proposition very neatly; but then, up to 1957-58, the proportion began rising, touching 31 per cent. and then levelling off at about 30 per cent. again. In the last year or two spending on food has remained a fairly constant proportion of the whole—which implies that for the complete population this " law " is barely working. Food buying, like that of other " soft consumer goods," seems to get a slight fillip whenever hire purchase regulations are imposed to check sales of " hard goods " like cars and kitchen equipment.

The fact that food has continued to go on taking a larger share of our extra purchasing power than many economists might have expected seems to be largely bound up with all our tastes becoming rather more sophisticated. It is certainly very doubtful, of late, whether the actual quantity of food consumed per head has been growing significantly; but its general quality is improving, with more and more people shifting to more expensive items and qualities. And another factor that may be equally important is that our spending on food purchases other things as well as food: service, convenience and preparation is built into more and more of the food we buy. Consumption of canned foods—still by far the biggest seller among these " foods of convenience "—has probably at least doubled in the last twenty years, and is still going up rapidly. This year is, as it happens, the 150th anniversary of the invention of canning; something approaching 20,000,000 tons of food, throughout the world, will be packed and preserved in this fashion. British production alone will certainly be well over a million tons this year.

At a factory of the Metal Box Company Ltd. open top cans are seen passing to automatic testers. These machines reject imperfect cans



Top-and-tailing tins. The ends are being "seamed" on to the can bodies at Crosse and Blackwell Ltd.'s Crimscott Street (London) factory

Whatever the course of food spending as a whole, there seems little doubt that expenditure on these foods of convenience will continue upward in a society where labour-saving methods are so much in demand. Canning, for example, guarantees the buyer food of reliable quality ready for serving almost immediately, regardless of the season of the year; it keeps almost indefinitely. (One tin of roast veal canned in 1824 by the first British preservers to adopt this method from France, Donkin and Gamble, was opened in 1938 and found still in good condition.) And, though other methods of preserving—notably freezing and, once again, dehydration—are widening their sales, these seem for the most part to be at the expense of fresh foods, not of canned. The whole market for preserved and pre-packed foods is growing as a share of the British (and foreign) dietary.

Canning is a food industry with a large metallurgical industry on its back; practically all the food canned in the world is packed in tinplate, and canning accounts for about 90 per cent. of the 8,000,000 tons of tinplate a year made throughout the world. This has been true since the industry began: and although Nicholas Appert, the Frenchman who invented this method of heating food in a sealed container for preservation, generally sold his products in glass, his British counterparts used tinplate from the beginning. (Tinplate was then wrought iron nearly twice as thick as the steel now used and with a tin coating about ten times as thick.) World production to-day is reckoned to number about 50,000,000,000 cans of food, packed almost entirely in three-piece containers made out of thin steel sheet coated electrolytically with tin some five hundred-thousandths of an inch thick. It is only recently that aluminium cans have been taken seriously as an economic proposition, and the two-piece can is, as yet, hardly used, for general purposes outside the United States.

This is a can of which the sides and bottom are formed as a single pressing from the tinplate sheet, and only the top is put on separately. The main saving that it offers is in waste of metal. Materials—tinplate, sealing compound, and probably some kind of lacquer for internal coating—make up more than three-quarters of the cost of a can, and the only significant waste involved is in cutting out the circular ends to be seamed on to the body of the can. The two-piece can has only one separate " end " to be put on; it has been known in specialised cans, such as tins of sardines, for years, and its use is now spreading to the ordinary cylindrical variety. But investment in can-forming machinery of the normal type is immense throughout the world, and the equipment has been developed to reach very high rates of output—450 cans a minute, which can be doubled for the smaller cans by cutting the normal 12-oz. can body across the middle. Any radical changes in technique, therefore, take a while to become generally adopted—particularly because can production is quite often carried out in factories dispersed around the areas where the food in question is produced.

Right across the world, vegetables and fruit constitute the biggest group of canned food. Together, about 10,000,000 tons of them are canned each year; fruit and vegetable juices account for about 2 to 3,000,000 tons more. Milk comes next; then meat, fish and soup. In Britain, last year, vegetables accounted for 563,000 tons, just over half of all the canned food we ate; nearly 300,000 tons of this, or a quarter of the total, consisted of canned peas. Two-thirds of these were " processed peas "—*i.e.* picked, dried, and then later soaked and canned at the processor's convenience—while the rest were " garden " peas, picked and canned immediately. The other very large single item, inevitably, was canned beans in tomato sauce; these beans are imported, from the United States or Hungary. We now consume about 160,000 tons of canned soup a year; 150,000 tons of tinned milk; only about 50,000 tons of canned meat, and 12,000 tons of tinned fish.

These large figures conceal a continuing shift in taste for these foods of convenience—once again towards the higher grades and more sophisticated items. Sales of garden peas, for example, are growing faster than those of processed peas; tinned fruit juices are now beginning to become a significant item; and strong competition has developed in the market for canned soups from the introduction of concentrated soups with a higher food content. Tinned baby foods—one of the items where the convenience of not having to prepare it oneself really counts—are a rapidly growing market; and we are raising the standard of living of our pet population, along with our own, by a vast production of canned food for cats and dogs. *Pâté de foie gras* still comes rather more often (or should one say less seldom?) in terrine jars than in tins; oysters in tins are not frequent, though this year's influx of American delicacies has offered one clam chowder and other kinds of exotic seafood. But the minor luxuries of the affluent society, at any rate, often arrive in tinplate.

Winfrith Heath from the air in February 1958—a few months after Turriff Construction Corporation Ltd. began work

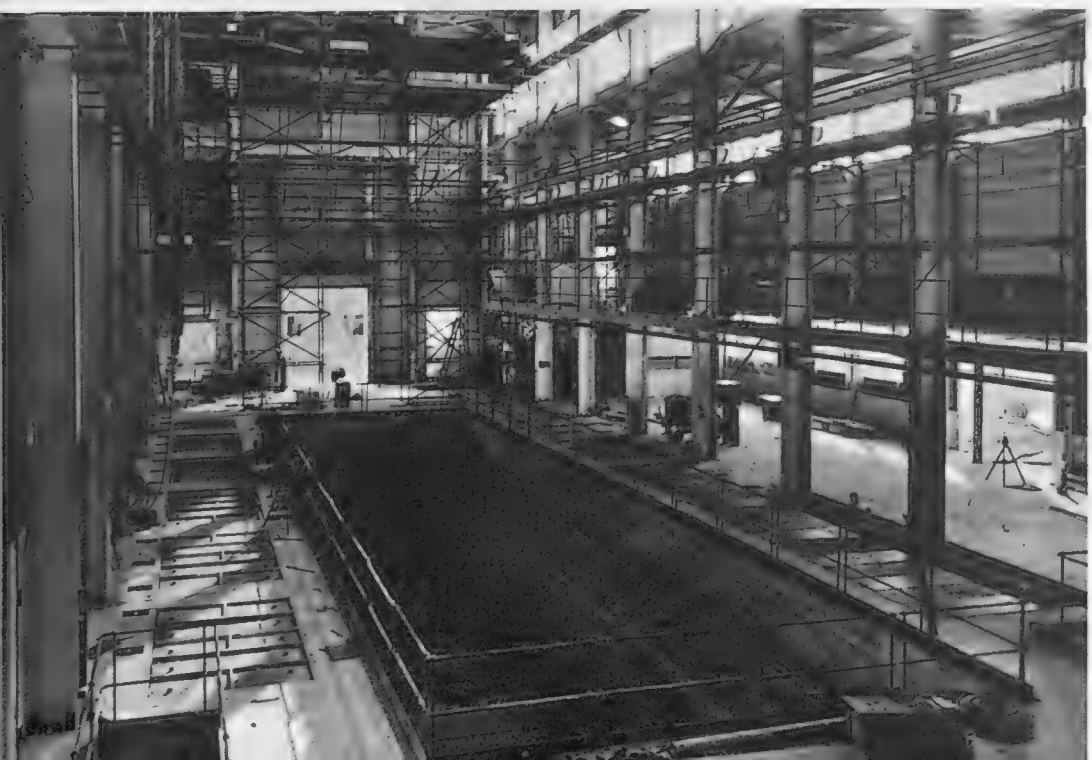
Just over a year later the site of the Establishment was assumi

WINFRITH HEATH

On Friday of last week, at the invitation of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, Lord Chandos formally inaugurated the new Atomic Energy Establishment at Winfrith in Dorset, which forms part of the Authority's Research Group. When Turriff Construction Corporation Ltd. took over the site on Winfrith Heath in 1957, it was soon found that the advantages, appreciated by the designers, of Winfrith being undeveloped were counteracted by the lack of services to the constructors, such as road access, electricity supply and drainage. A large part of the site was water-logged, and the problem of draining the ground became apparent during the excavation of pits for the Zero Energy Reactors. Turriff, who are the main civil engineers and building contractors to the UKAEA Development and Engineering Group, overcame this difficulty by using well-point pumping systems. The Group's Director of Works and Buildings is Mr. T. L. Viney, who is in control of the construction programme, and Mr. R. S. Brocklesby, the Chief Architect, is responsible for the planning and design of the buildings. At Winfrith, constructional work is also under way on the international "Dragon" project.

The heavy reinforced concrete foundations for one of the Zero Energy Reactors at Winfrith Heath

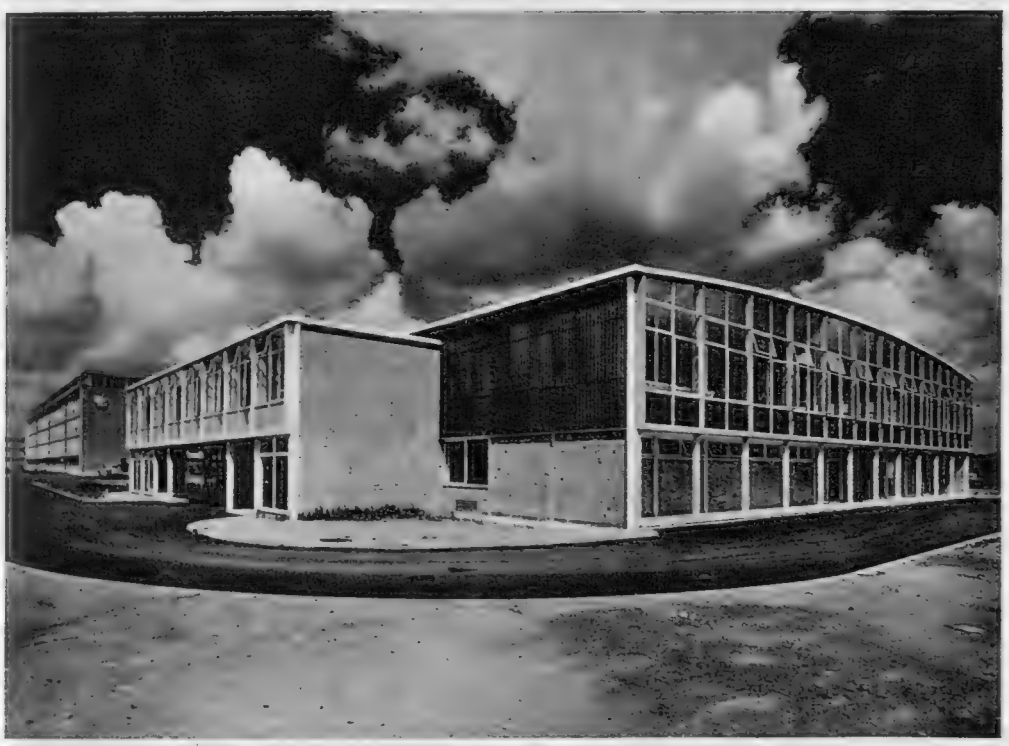
Below is the same development area, with the pit ready for the installation of the reactor



A Zero Energy Reactor Hall, with its associated laboratory building on left

ore definite lines

The same site in August this year, neatly laid out and almost complete



The well-equipped restaurant serves the whole Establishment

The Social Centre at Winfrith is run as a club by the staff

The Reactor Group office block—a five-storey T-shaped building of reinforced concrete framing

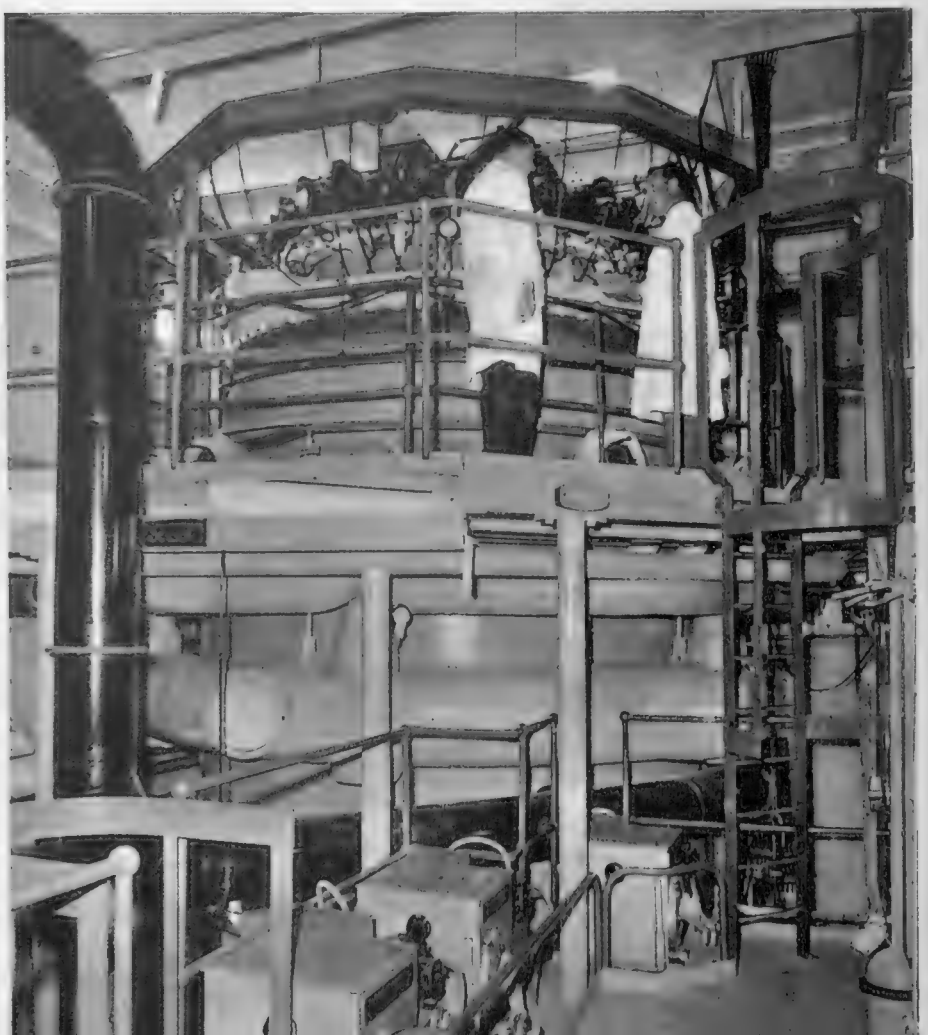
The huge door of the plutonium experimental oven of the Scorpio I

INSIDE WINFRITH

An overhead crane lowers a charger into the Zenith reactor at the A.E.E., Winfrith. Zenith is a Zero Energy Reactor which is used to study the physics of high-temperature gas-cooled systems. Experiments are carried out at temperatures similar to those expected in power-producing reactors of this type. The apparatus is heated by a stream of hot nitrogen. Among the "fast" reactors is the Zebra (being constructed at Winfrith), which is designed to study the neutron physics of a variety of fuels which contain uranium and plutonium

Working on an experimental stack at Winfrith

Zenith—a Zero Energy Reactor with a very low heat output (about 100 watts)



The headquarters of the international " Dragon " Project are at the Atomic Energy Establishment, Winfrith. As with the A.E.E. itself, the building and civil engineering contract for the " Dragon " has been awarded to Turriff Construction Corporation Ltd. The work includes the main reactor building and four other major blocks, as well as ancillary buildings and connecting links. A preliminary contract has already been completed by Turriff for the foundations of the reactor building (shown in the picture), and the initial stages of laying down the roads and services. The Project itself has been sponsored by the European Nuclear Energy Agency of the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation, and the participants in the scheme are: the United Kingdom, Austria, Denmark, Euratom, Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland. The objectives of the " Dragon " Project are to carry out a programme of research and development on the high temperature gas-cooled system.

TO HOUSE THE "DRAGON"

FROM BRITAIN'S YARDS

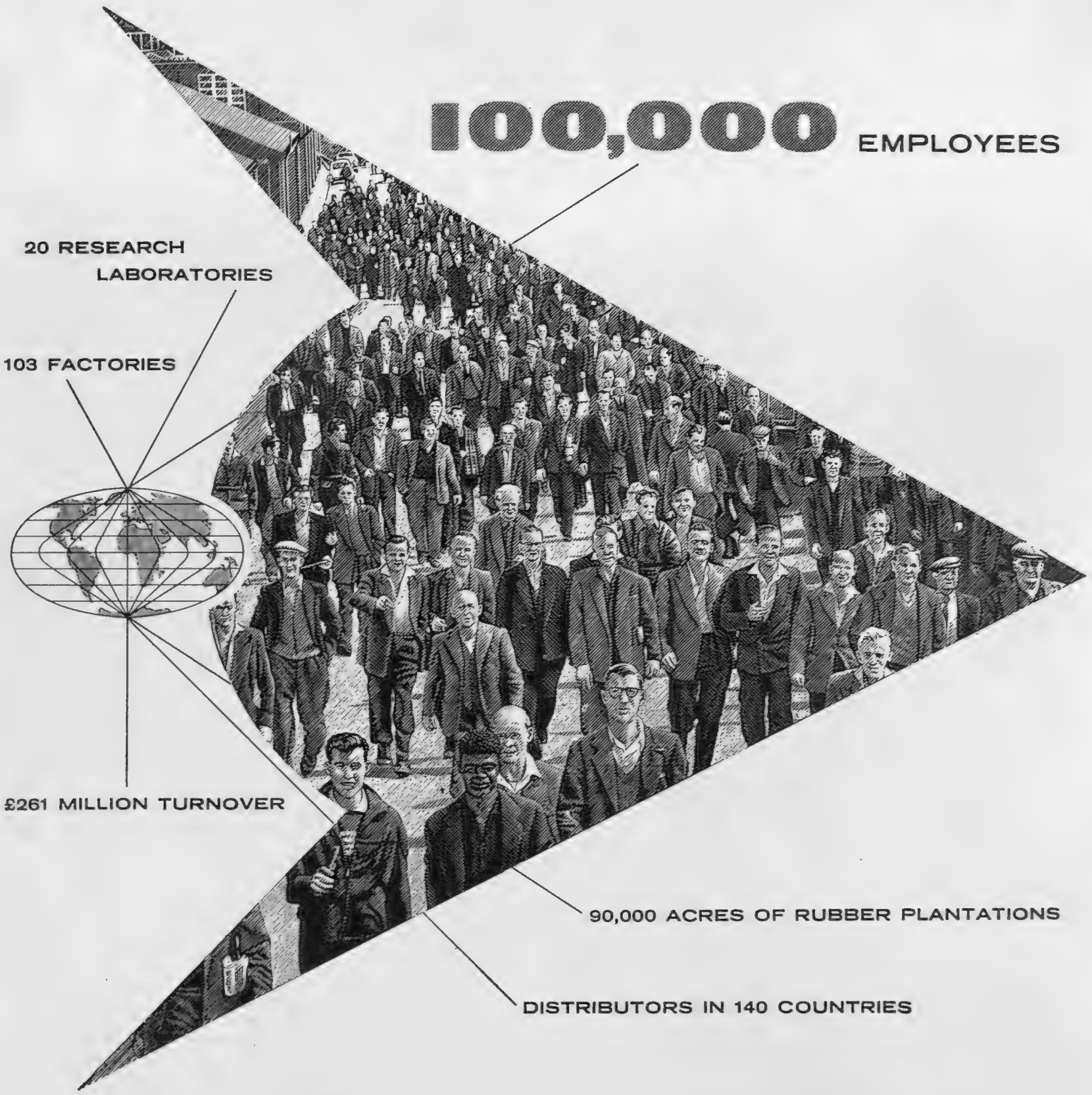
Entering the water at the Fifeshire yard of the Burntisland Shipbuilding Co. Ltd., is the bulk-carrier *Arthur Albright*. She is under construction for A. and W. (Overseas Developments) Ltd., of Hamilton, Bermuda, one of the companies of the Albright and Wilson chemical group, and will be used to carry phosphate rock from Florida and North Africa to Britain. Many thousands of tons of phosphate rock are used every year in this country by Albright and Wilson (Mfg.) Ltd., which produces phosphorus at Oldbury, near Birmingham, and at Portishead, near Bristol. The *Arthur Albright* a 10,000-ton deadweight single-screw motorship, is expected to sail on her maiden voyage in January. She is 390 ft. long and has a beam of just over 56 ft.

Port Alfred, a 9,650-ton motor-driven cargo liner enters the water at the Belfast yard of Harland and Wolff Limited. She is one of two vessels under construction in the Belfast yard for Port Line Limited. *Port Alfred*, with an overall length of 500 ft., will have a single tripod mast and streamlined funnel. She is expected to make her maiden voyage next February and will be employed in all Port Line services. Her sister ship is to be launched early next year

Edward Stevinson, a 47,200-ton single-screw turbine oil tanker, is launched from the Belfast yard of Harland and Wolff Ltd. She is being built for Stevinson Hardy and Co. Ltd., and is expected to make her maiden voyage early next year when she will be on charter to Shell Tankers Ltd. The new vessel, which is of usual tanker design with machinery aft, has a length of 715 ft. and a breadth of 98 ft.

At East Cowes, Isle of Wight, the British Transport Commission's 3,800-ton *Sarnia*, leaves the slipway of her builders, J. Samuel White and Co. Ltd. She will carry 1,400 passengers on the Southern Region services between South Coast ports and the Channel Islands

BEHIND THE DUNLOP SYMBOL



Ten thousand men and women work at Fort Dunlop, mainly on tyre production. At Great Chesterford in Essex a factory of 50 people produces table-tennis equipment and dartboards. At Bankstown in Australia, 12 miles from Sydney, 1,000 people make rubber footwear. In Malaya and Nigeria 14,000 are employed on Dunlop plantations.
All these people, with their colleagues in many other countries, are the life-blood of the Dunlop organisation . . . the most valuable assets of a vigorous forward-looking company.

DUNLOP SYMBOL OF PROGRESS

CTH/PR6/51

MOTORING

NEW LOOK "BABES"

Trying out the sturdy Volga; how Bluebird got its name; a record-player for your car

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

In plenty of time for the Paris and London Motor Shows, and almost coinciding with the first anniversary of the announcement of the British Motor Corporation's 850-c.c., front-wheel-drive baby cars, attractive estate car versions of both the Austin and the Morris, have been put on the market. Of all steel construction with a timber framework reminiscent of the Morris Minor Traveller, Britain's latest station wagons are offered for £623, including tax. That is only £85 10s. more than the de luxe saloon and £126 more than the standard saloon. The new miniature estate cars are £7 cheaper than the Austin A35 Countryman and cost £46 less than the Minor Traveller, both of which have engines of 948 c.c.

I predict a big sale for these latest additions to the growing list of dual-purpose British cars, for they have good looks, low running costs, 35⅓ cub. ft. of cargo space and a low platform (thanks to the front-wheel transmission) which makes loading easy and puts the centre of gravity in the right place. The new Austin Seven Countryman and Morris Mini-Traveller make ideal second cars, especially for the family man, for, without dismantling it, a medium-sized pram can be put on board through the double doors at the back. They will also have a special appeal for people like market gardeners and shopkeepers who want a car they can use for business during the week, and for pleasure on Sunday.

B.M.C.'s new double-duty cars demonstrate even more effectively than the saloons the great saving in space which is made possible by mounting the 4-cylinder, overhead-valve engine transversely at the front of the car. The height of the rear compartment is 2 ft. 10½ ins. and the car is less than 11 ft. long.

The Austin Seven Countryman, one of the new B.M.C. models

Made in Russia—the conventional five-seater Volga

Thomson and Taylor, the old-established Surrey firm with showrooms at Cobham, and engineering works at Byfleet, recently gave me the opportunity to try out the Russian Volga, for which (along with the smaller Moskvitch) they are U.K. concessionaires.

It is a robust five-seater saloon with a 4-cylinder, 2,455-c.c. overhead-valve engine which runs as smoothly as most 6-cylinder units because it has a five-bearing crankshaft and the mountings have unusual flexibility. The vast majority of 4-cylinder cars in quantity production have only three bearings, one outstanding exception being the new Rush engine recently announced for France's 1961 Simca range. The design of the Volga is so orthodox in most other respects that it is almost old-fashioned, but I give it full marks for the soundness of the engineering that has gone into it. It is built to last and to do big mileages between overhauls, for in the wide open spaces of the Soviet Union service stations are not numerous.

The Volga has an aluminium cylinder block and wet liners. It is a " square " engine, the bore and stroke both measuring 92 mm., and with a 7·5 to 1 compression ratio, which enables it to run well on commercial-grade fuel. It develops 80 b.h.p. at 4,000 r.p.m.

The cars now being sent to Britain have the steering-wheel on the left but a right-hand-drive version is being prepared for the U.K. market. There is a three-speed gearbox with the change lever on the steering column, and although there is a no synchromesh on bottom gear, the car's performance in the rather low middle gear is so good that it is seldom necessary to drop right down. This interesting car from beyond the Iron Curtain does 80 m.p.h., over 20 miles to the gallon, and costs £1,113 including tax, with heater and radio fitted as standard. It is a well-instrumented car, with ammeter and engine temperature gauges. There is a green warning light to remind you that the manually-operated radiator shutter is closed and a red light to help ensure that you don't leave the handbrake on.

Before the war Thomson and Taylor had their workshops at Brooklands, where they designed and built the car in which the late John Cobb set up the 394·2 m.p.h. land speed record which Donald Campbell hoped to beat in his turbine-engined *Bluebird* on the Bonneville Salt Flats.

Many of the record-breaking cars and water craft driven by Sir Malcolm Campbell and his son Donald have borne the name *Bluebird*, and I was interested to read the other day how Sir Malcolm came to choose it. The story is told by Richard Hough in *The Book of the Racing Campbells*, recently published at 12s. 6d. by Stanley Paul for the British Petroleum Company.

The first *Bluebird* was a huge 10½-litre Darracq with a long pointed tail which Malcolm Campbell bought in 1912. He intended calling it *Flapper III*, but one day a friend remarked: " Your first two *Flappers* didn't bring you much luck. Why not change the name? "

Campbell was fond of the name *Flapper*, inspired by a racehorse he fancied. But he took his friend's advice. He was, however, unable to think of a suitable alternative until he went to a London performance of Maeterlinck's opera *The Blue Bird*. He enjoyed the opera and on his way home decided to adopt the name for his future racing cars. He was racing the next day at Brooklands. The shops were shut, but he knocked up an oil-chandler and bought all the blue paint he had in stock.

Working through the night he painted his Darracq blue all over and the paint was still wet when he took the car to the starting grid.

I would like to pay my tribute to three drivers—a man and two women—who this year have added lustre to our reputation in motor sport not only by their spectacular successes, but by the modesty and good sportsmanship they have displayed at all times.

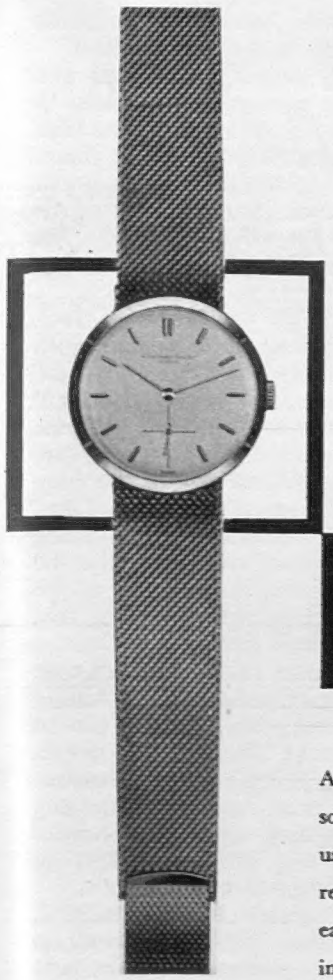
I refer to Jack Brabham, the quiet Australian who, driving a Cooper-Climax, has gained the world motor-racing championship for the second year running; and Pat Moss and Ann Wisdom, who recently rounded off a brilliant rally season by winning outright the tough Liége-Rome-Liége Rally and making sure of the 1960 women's rally championship.

Brabham this year won five championship Grand Prix races in a row: the Dutch, Belgian, French, British and Portuguese. Miss Moss and Miss Wisdom—both aged twenty-six—started the season well by winning the ladies' cup for the second year running in the Monte Carlo Rally in an Austin A40. It was the first time the cup had been won twice by the same crew. Driving a 3-litre Austin Healey, they won the ladies' cup in the Geneva, Tulip and Alpine international rallies; and then, in the Liége-Rome-Liége event, again in a Healey 3000, they not only won the ladies' cup but beat all the male crews into the bargain. I rate them as Europe's best rally team to-day, irrespective of sex.

Briefly. . . . During August, in spite of the trouble at their Birmingham office and resultant trade union boycott threats, the A.A. enrolled 41,982 new members. That is an average of 1,300 a day. . . . For 23 guineas, tax paid, Philips offer the Auto-Mignon car record-player. It converts a car radio into a radiogram controlled by two press-buttons.

Reports from New York say Ford of Detroit are planning to build a small four-seater car—the Cardinal—with front-wheel drive. It is intended to compete with small European cars now selling in the U.S. in large numbers. . . . At the Paris Salon, which opens on October 6, Citroen are showing a convertible version of the DS 19, with two doors and a choice of seventy-six colour combinations.

Kennings Ltd., of Clay Cross, Derbyshire, have been awarded the contract for developing a service area on the Bristol-Birmingham motorway at Strensham, Worcestershire. Provision is being made for another service area near Droitwich on this motorway, which is expected to open in the autumn of 1961. . . B.M.C. have just introduced the first six of a fleet of mobile service training units for the instruction of fitters at dealers' own premises at home and abroad.



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AFRICA'S UNKNOWN WAR

(*Continued from page 469*)

do, under armed protection, they can be certain that before the harvest a punitive terrorist band will swoop down and hack their crops to pieces. To stave off total economic collapse, France therefore has to subsidise President Ahidjo's Government—which is a multi-party coalition although he won an overall majority in the last elections. So keen was President Ahidjo to make his Government truly representative of all sections of the community that he even invited a former terrorist into the Cabinet—who accepted, but laid down his arms before assuming office.

President Ahidjo is accused of being too weak. His real failing is that in extraordinarily difficult circumstances, with a third of his country in revolt and in the middle of a genuine emergency, he attempts to be democratic, and this is not working out. In the process he is gradually losing control over more and more territory and people in the Cameroun Republic. To bring the war to an end a far greater military force will be needed than he has at his disposal. Similarly, for the terrorists to win a decisive victory, even when Moumié returns, more than guerilla operations will be needed. At present the rebels are merely killing off thousands of people without being in a position to exploit their victories by setting up some form of administration in the areas effectively under their control.

Warriors perform a dance to celebrate Cameroun independence

The terrorists have cut off large areas—by blowing up bridges and cutting up the roads to make it impossible for even military vehicles to move. But even after they gain control of any area they continue with their indiscriminate massacres. What authority they exercise is therefore entirely in the form of a reign of terror. Meanwhile unemployment is growing steadily and, in addition, refugees flock into the larger towns and cities, thereby increasing the hardship for all concerned. The main sufferers are, of course, the Bamileke themselves—plus a few others like my smuggler friend.

Although, as I mentioned before, this is not an anti-French revolt, many Camerounians do blame France for the disastrous state the country is in. The revolt did begin while France still retained nominal control. Had the French authorities cracked down hard at that time the whole thing might have ended within a few weeks. But, with complete independence approaching, France decided against the risk of plunging the country into a civil war and hoped that the revolt would peter out. The French security forces, therefore, confined their activities to keeping the main roads open and merely sending an occasional patrol into the denser jungle areas. By the time they realised that the intensity of the uprising was increasing, the date set for independence was so near that there was little they could then still do to restore order.

The result was that when independence came in January, a civil war, the one thing France tried to prevent, was raging and President Ahidjo inherited a country which was in a state of emergency. France can be accused of no more than an error of judgment, although the consequences of the error are catastrophic. The real blame lies with Moscow. But one mistake that should not be made is to regard the uprising as a heroic struggle by nationalist forces fighting against a powerful French Army. The victims are women and children—burnt to death or hacked to pieces, often horribly mutilated before death.

The struggle is of immediate concern to Nigeria. From October 1, when Nigeria becomes independent, the British Cameroons will no longer be administered from Lagos. Instead, a plebiscite will be held to enable the people to decide whether they want to merge with the Cameroun Republic. If they decide to merge, the conflict may immediately spread to the British Cameroons, on Nigeria's eastern border. In any case, before October 1 the Queen's Own Nigerian Regiment and any other Nigerian forces in the area will have to be withdrawn. That may well be the moment Moumié is waiting for to re-enter the Bamileke Province—by way of the British Cameroons. If this happens a new headache of major proportions awaits the Colonial Office in London—and independent Nigeria.

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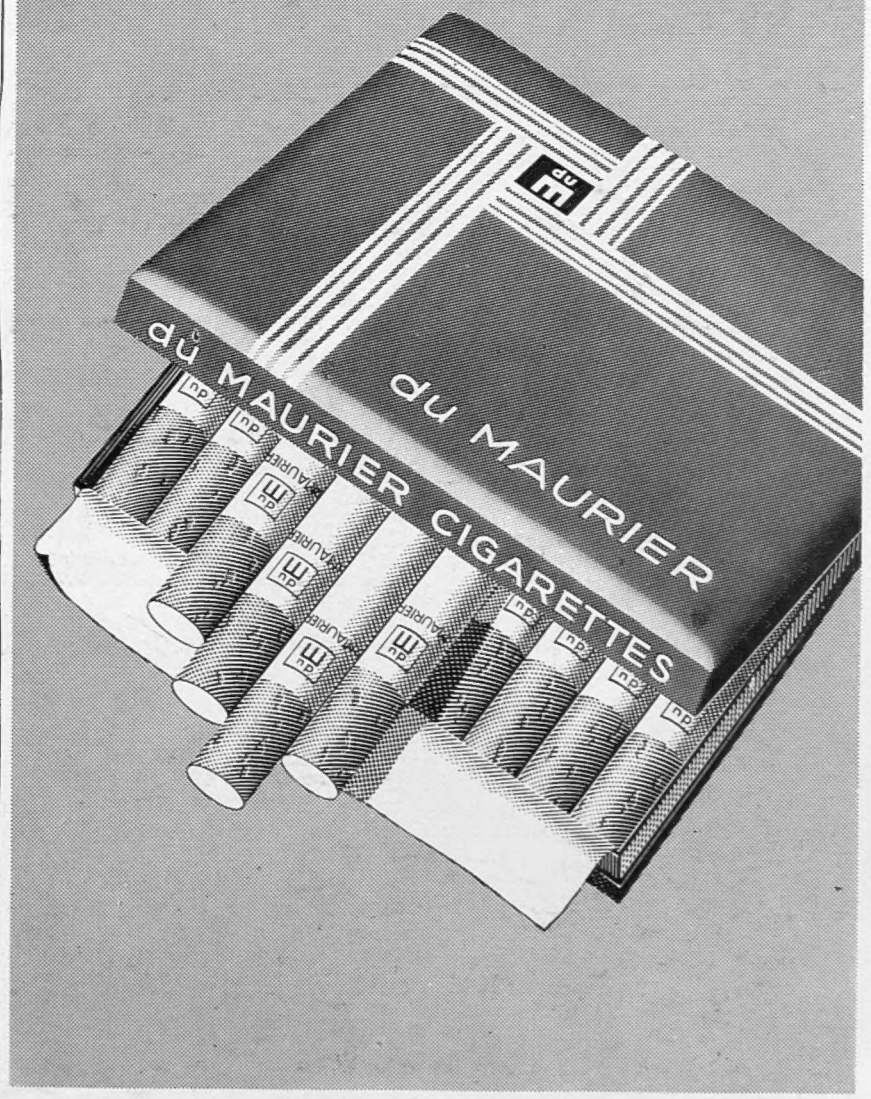

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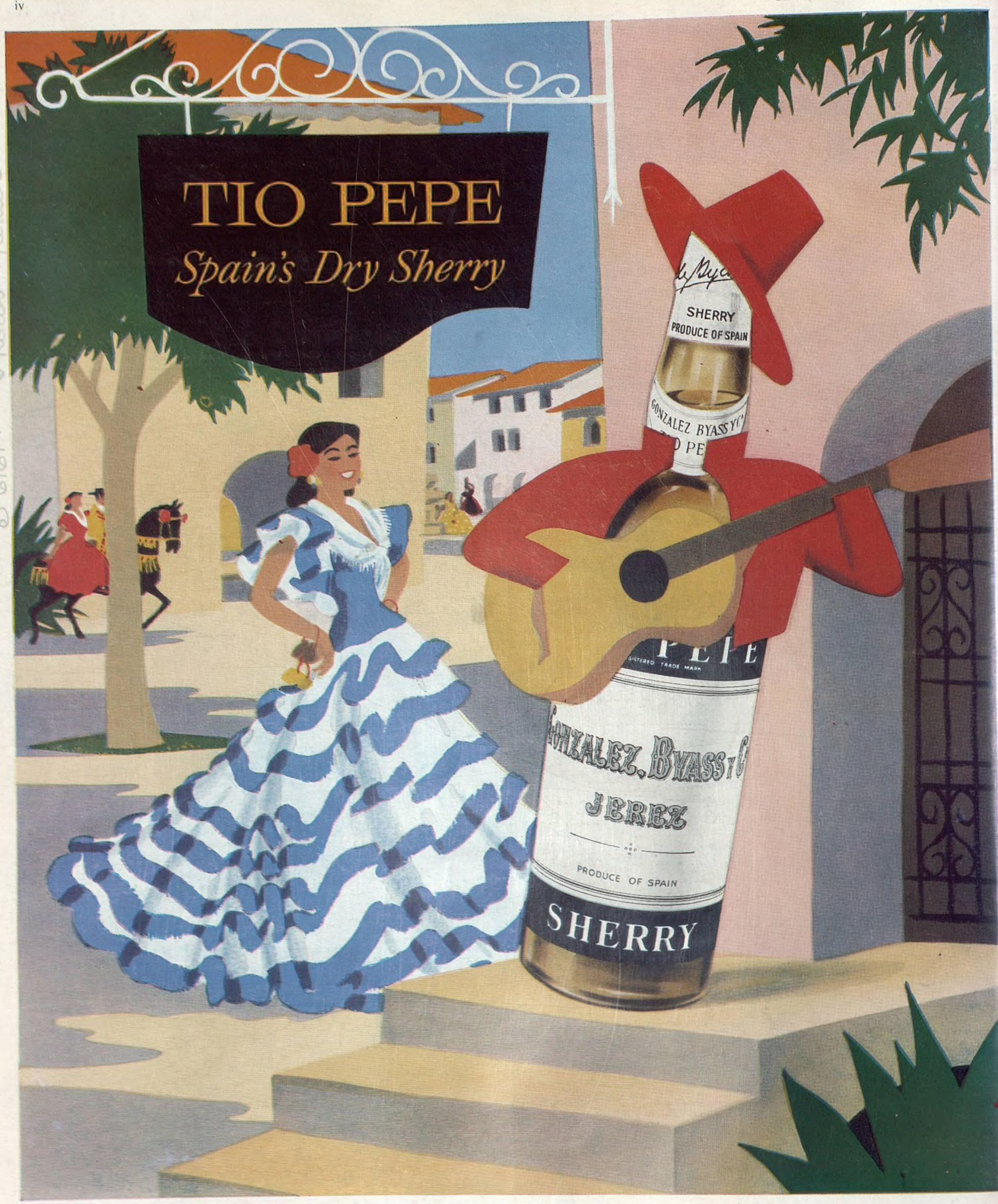

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